

The Sketch

NO. 801.—VOL. LXII.

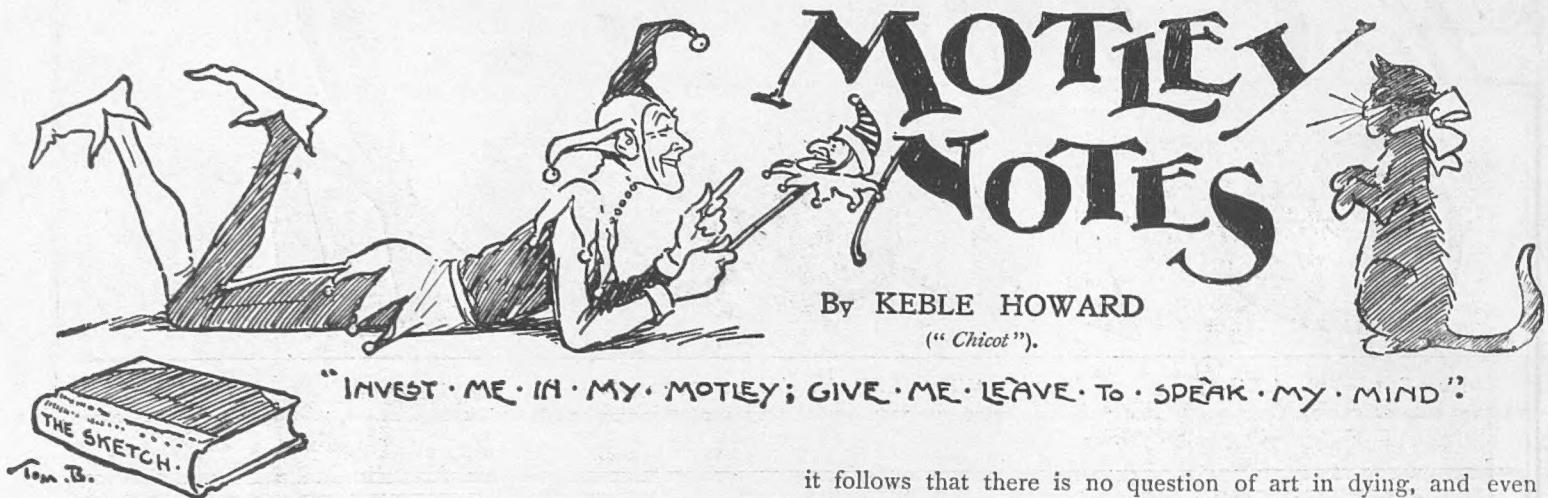
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



"LA FILLE DU TAMBOUR-MAJOR," AT THE SHAFTESBURY: MME. TARIOL-BAUGÉ,
WHO IS APPEARING AS STELLA.

The management of the Shaftesbury Theatre arranged to produce "La Fille du Tambour-Major" on Monday last, with Mme. Tariol-Baugé as Stella. The book of the comic opera is by MM. A. Duru and H. Chivot; the music is, of course, by Jacques Offenbach.—[Photograph by Reutlinger.]



Futile
Mars!

It is just as well for the inhabitants of Mars that Signor Marconi has not yet perfected his arrangements for getting into communication with that planet. Had he done so, the Martians would be very unhappy this morning. In the space reserved for wireless telegrams they would have read extracts from the article by Dr. Percival Lowell in the *Century Magazine*. Dr. Percival Lowell holds out no hopes for Mars. It is clear from his essay that there is no future for the planet. "To our eventual descendants," he writes, "life on Mars will no longer be something to scan and interpret. The drying up of the planet is certain to proceed until the surface can support no life at all. When the last ember is extinguished, the planet will roll a dead world through space, its evolutionary career for ever ended." There you are, you see. Nothing could be more definite than that. The worst of it is, one has an uneasy suspicion that the Martian Lowell is writing in much the same sort of way about the miserable little planet known as Earth. Perhaps he has come to the conclusion that we are already rolling, a dead world, through space. You may be inclined to say, when you get impatient with the slackness of the general, that he is right. I hope you won't, though, because there is no hope for the man who grumbles at life whilst the sun is shining.

**The Englishman
on Paper.**

Talking of extinction (if we are to discuss such subjects at all, we may as well discuss them in June, the month of sun and roses; of soft winds and cool, moist earth; of full, clear streams; of young leaves and coquettish skies) I observe that one of my literary colleagues on the staff of this journal has given forth the following statement about women: "Women are good teachers of two arts—of letter-writing and of dying." With the first part of the dictum, no man in his senses would disagree. Women's letters are always delightful, being the natural, unreserved expressions of those who want to say something. ("Interesting" would be a better word, perhaps, than "delightful.") The natural, unreserved expressions of a woman in a very bad temper are not necessarily delightful.) Men are not good letter-writers, as a rule, more particularly Englishmen. A nation of business people, it is in the blood of an Englishman to beware of giving himself away on paper. That fine letters can still be written by men who feel deeply as they write, however, nobody who reads the reports of breach-of-promise cases and divorce cases in the newspapers can deny. It always makes me savage to think that such sacred documents should be held up to ridicule in a public court of justice. For myself, I read them, certainly, but with sympathy and reverence.

**An Interesting
Fallacy.**

I come now to the second part of my colleague's dictum. "Women are good teachers of the art of dying." The saying is impressive, I admit, but is it quite logical? Does it not beg the question? Is there an "art of dying"? To begin with, what is Art? Is it not the subjection of Nature to the desires and requirements of humanity? Accept the definition for the sake of argument. It can hardly be maintained, I think, that Nature is under control at the moment of death any more than at the moment of birth. Again, even supposing, also for the sake of argument, that there is an art in dying—can that art be taught? One hears of noble deaths, but one does not remember them, presumably, when it comes to one's own turn. My own theory is that the actual moment of death is as peaceful as the actual moment of passing into the unconsciousness of sleep. Sleep, indeed, is Nature's merciful schooling for the coming of death. Therefore, since Nature and Art must ever be in conflict, however cunningly we may reconcile them on the surface,

it follows that there is no question of art in dying, and even a woman cannot teach an art that does not exist. A friend of mine who went through the Boer War told me that, one day, he lay down on the veldt and gave himself up to death. He was so weary that he had no further use for life. Was that Art or Nature?

Hence the Trade
in Socks.

"It's about time," said the Languid Waster, "that somebody invented a new kind of hat. Upon my word, I've really cultivated a sound headache this morning trying to think what sort of hat to wear. One can't wear a Panama; they're only fit for shopboys. One can't wear a straw; they're only fit for clerks. One can't wear a bowler; they're only fit for publicans. One can't wear a topper; they're only fit for stockbrokers. One can't wear a felt hat; they're only fit for actors. One can't wear a cap; they're only fit for burglars. Don't know when I've been so worried about anything! Upon my word, it's altogether too bad of these hatting johnnies!"

"I quite understand," said the Quiet Man in the Corner, to whom these words of wisdom had been addressed. "What you want is something new, something out of the way, something striking and uncommon."

"Exactly." The Languid Waster stared at the Quiet Man in the Corner with no little astonishment. "You've got the hang of it exactly. How on earth did you know?"

"Well, you see," said the Quiet Man, "we all like to have something distinctive about us. If we can't be distinguished for something, we have to fall back on *by*. Pass the *Telegraph*, will you?"

The Piety of the
Closed Door.

There is positively some question, I see, as to whether the Franco-British Exhibition shall or shall not be open to the public on Sundays. I have not yet had the pleasure of visiting the Exhibition, but the accounts of it in the newspapers would not lead one to suppose that it is a particularly immoral show. Is it the word "Franco," I wonder, that has scared the authorities? I say "authorities," because I am ignorant enough to wonder in whose hands this sort of question rests. Of course, if the Franco-Exhibition is a very wicked exhibition, then it ought to be closed altogether, week-days and Sundays. If it is not a very wicked exhibition, then it ought to be opened altogether, week-days and Sundays. The "Zoo," is closed to the greater public on Sundays, but there is a very good reason for that. The animals resent being stared at seven days a week. In the case of wood and plaster, however, there can be no such objection. If one may walk up Regent Street on a Sunday, and look at the closed shops—always a cheerful occupation, though inclined to grow a little monotonous—it is obvious that one should be allowed to walk through an Exhibition on Sundays, and stare at the exhibits. There are policemen taking care of Regent Street on Sundays, and they do not seem to mind. Surely a few attendants might be found to take care of the Exhibition on Sundays! No?

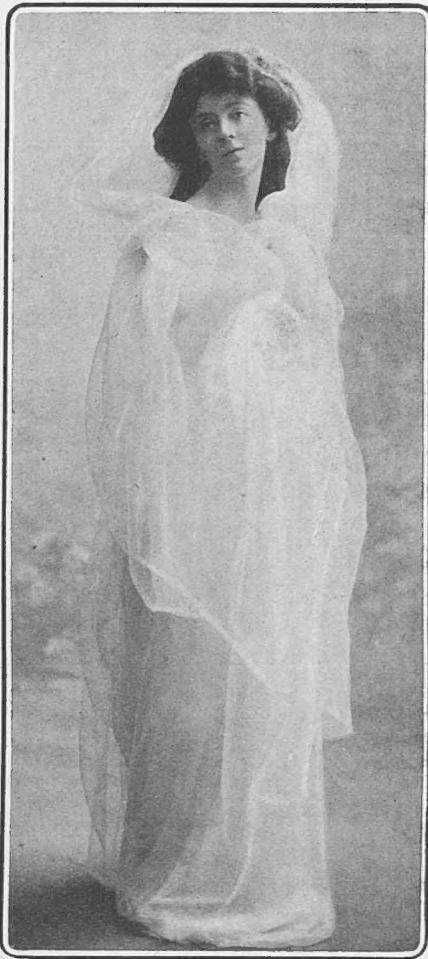
A Rebuke from
the East.

Constance Clyde is rather a dear. Constance writes for *East and West*, a Bombay publication, and she has a reproof for Englishwomen that should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Let me quote: "Beneath all her sex antagonism, the Englishwoman has an admiration for the man of her country as distinguished from the men of other countries which is beyond all reason. She will never truly take her proper place till she believes in herself more and in the Englishman less." Pity the poor Englishwoman who is silly enough to like a mere Englishman! But Constance is wrong when she says that the Englishwoman will "never truly take her proper place." For has not Constance put her there?

ARISTOCRATIC INTERPRETERS OF AN ARISTOCRAT'S PHANTASY.



MISS HAMILTON, DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY CLAUD HAMILTON, IN THE "QUEEN OF SHEBA" TABLEAU.



VISCOUNTESS MAITLAND AS THE SPIRIT OF INSPIRATION IN "THE KEY OF LIFE."



LADY NORAH SPENCER-CHURCHILL, SISTER OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, IN THE "QUEEN OF SHEBA" TABLEAU.



MRS. WILLIAM MENDEL AS THE QUEEN OF SHEBA IN "THE KEY OF LIFE."

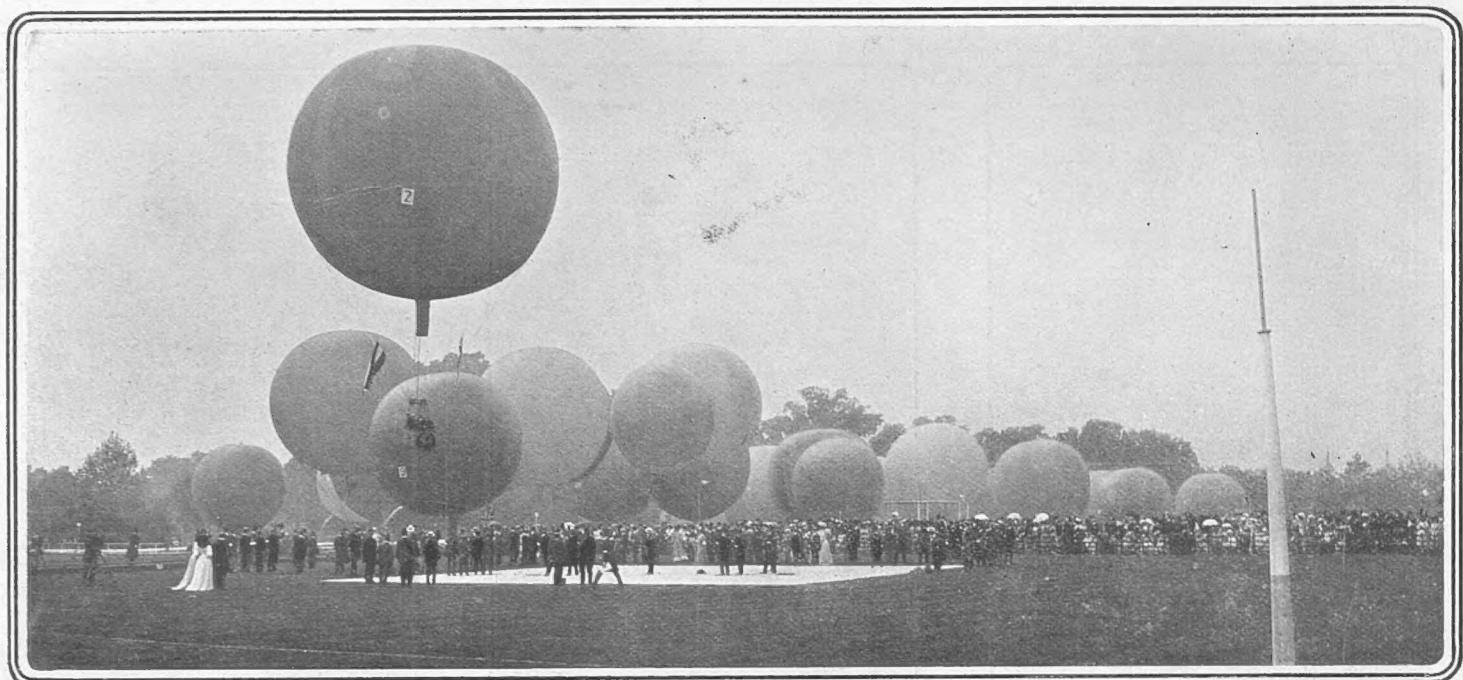


VISCOUNTESS MAITLAND, AUTHOR OF THE PHANTASY "THE KEY OF LIFE."

SOCIETY AIDING THE CITY OF LONDON ROUGH RIDERS: PLAYERS IN VISCOUNTESS MAITLAND'S "THE KEY OF LIFE."

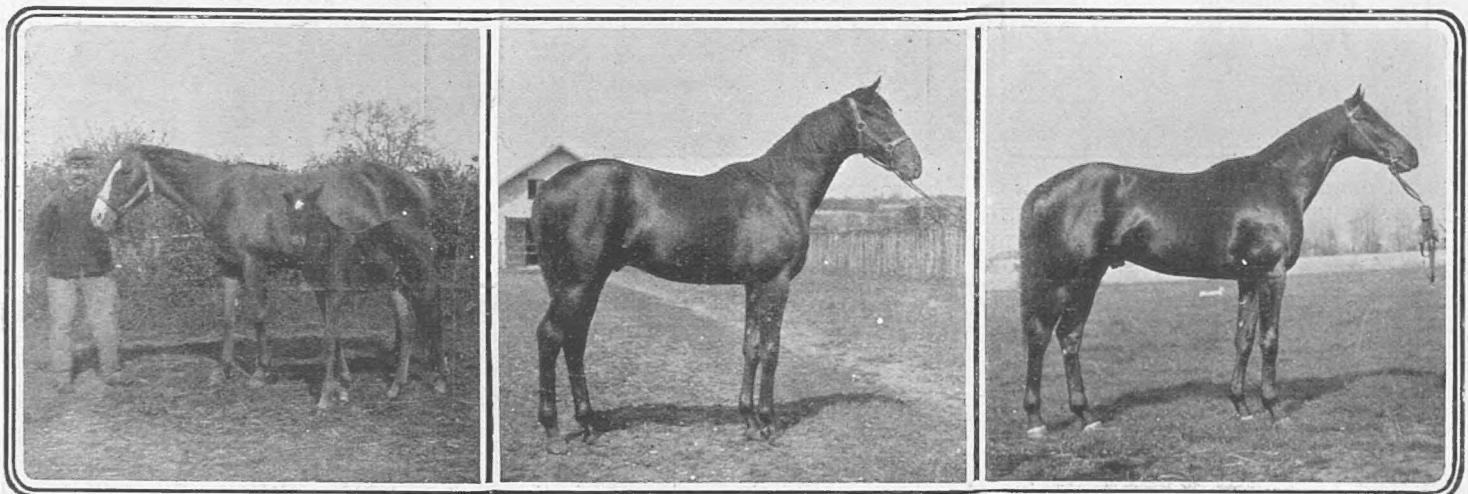
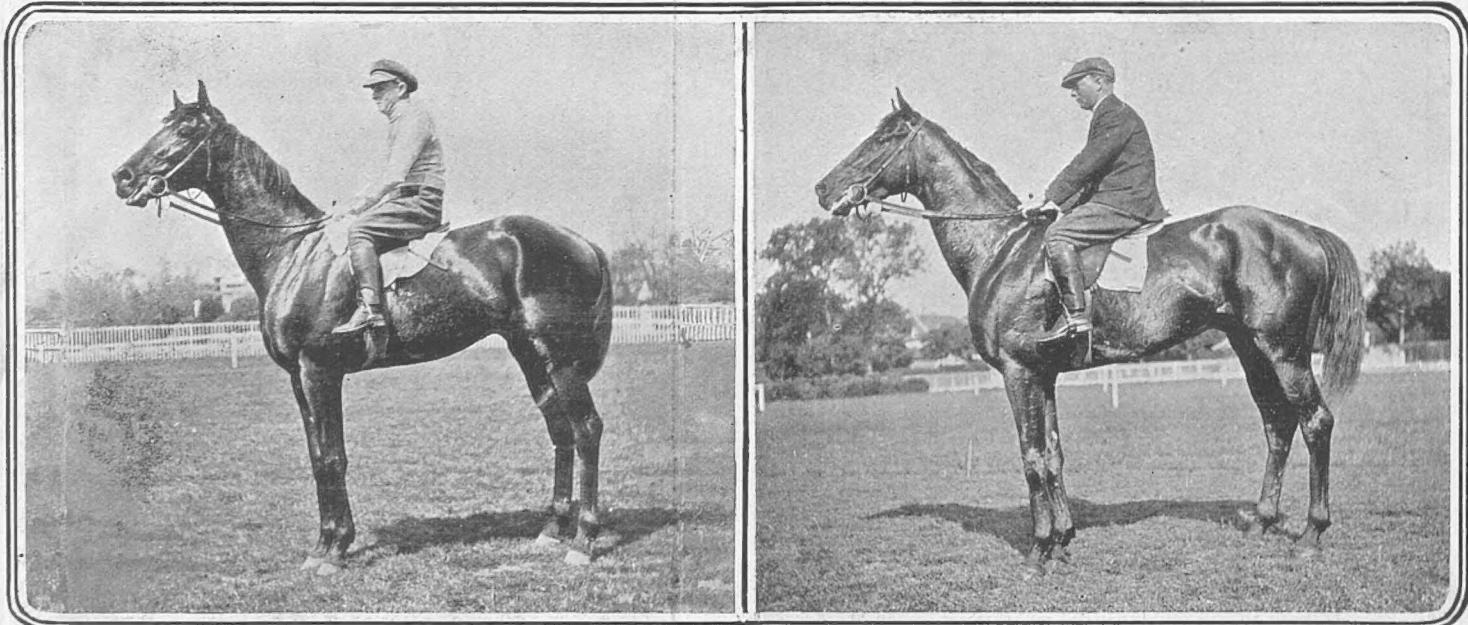
Lady Maitland's Phantasy, "The Key of Life," was given at the Scala last week as part of the programme of an entertainment designed to obtain funds for building a riding-school for the City of London Rough Riders Imperial Yeomanry. Included in the Phantasy were a number of tableaux, dances, and recitations.—[Photographs by *Lallie Charles*.]

THE BALLOON POINT-TO-POINT; AND THE MILK-FED DERBY HORSE.



THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL BALLOON-RACE FROM HURLINGHAM: THE START.

The great international point-to-point balloon race, which was started at Hurlingham on Saturday, proved a most interesting sporting event. Thirty balloons started. The finish was exceedingly close, and at the moment of writing the Committee of the Aero Club have still to make their award. Both Mr. C. F. Pollock, in the "Valkyrie," and Mr. Griffith Brewer, in the "Lotus," claim to have descended about a mile from the winning-post. It will be necessary, therefore, for exact measurements to be taken of the actual distance of each point of descent from the winning-post. The "Valkyrie" has a capacity of 1698 cubic metres, and the "Lotus" a capacity of 990 cubic metres. The former carried the pilot and four passengers; the latter the pilot and two passengers.—[Photograph by Argent Archer.]

AZOTE (WITH HIS MOTHER) WHEN 26 DAYS OLD.
WEIGHT, 187 LB.AZOTE AT THE AGE OF 1 YEAR AND 2 DAYS.
WEIGHT, 755 LB.AZOTE AT THE AGE OF 2 YEARS AND 12 DAYS.
WEIGHT, 955 LB.

AZOTE AT THE AGE OF 2 YEARS AND 358 DAYS (MASLIN UP). WEIGHT, 935 LB.

AZOTE IMMEDIATELY BEFORE LEAVING FOR EPSOM (MAY 28, 1908). WEIGHT, 924 LB.

AZOTE, THE DERBY HORSE WHICH LIVES ON DRY MILK, AND HAS NEVER TASTED OATS, MAIZE, OR OTHER GRAIN.

Azote, who is to run in to-day's Derby, belongs to Mr. James R. Hatmaker, the well-known American resident in Paris, and is truly called a scientific experiment. He has been fed since he was taken from his mother, at the age of twenty-six days, on dry separated milk, with a small ration of hay per day to give the food bulk. He has never tasted oats, maize, or other grain. As we have already said, the milk is given in dry form; it would be impossible for a horse to take sufficient liquid milk to supply his needs, owing to the great amount of water in it. By mixing dry milk with a little water the nutritive substance of seventy quarts of liquid milk can be given to a horse in the volume of thirty-five quarts. According to his owner Azote is not likely to win the Derby. "His superior feeding," says Mr. Hatmaker, "has not, of course, altered the fact of his inferior breeding, and he is out of class in the Derby. But the Derby was put in his programme when the experiment was begun, and he will run in it, as he has run in his other races, and as he will run later in steeplechase races, in the hope that he may add something to the knowledge of feeding." "Azote" is the French word for "nitrogen," and the colt was so-called because his daily ration contains over twice the amount of nitrogenous matter usually given to a horse. Further details will be found on page 1 of this issue.—[Photographs specially supplied to "The Sketch" by Mr. Hatmaker.]

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD'S POWERFUL PLAY AT THE HAYMARKET.



MISS LILLAH McCARTHY AS NAN HARDWICK IN "NAN."

The second of the ninth series of Vedrenne-Barker performances was inaugurated at the Haymarket yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon, when were presented "Nan" and "Feed the Brute." These two plays are to be given also on the afternoons of the 5th, 9th, and 12th of this month. "Getting Married," of course, fills the evening bill at the theatre.

(See "The Stage from the Stalls.") Photograph by Bassano.

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SMALL TALK



THE YOUNGEST OF LORD BESSBOROUGH'S DAUGHTERS: LADY GWENETH PONSONBY.

Photograph by Langford.

Lord Wimborne, she is also keenly interested in politics.

A Pretty Ceremony. One of the very prettiest of ceremonies is the opening of a bridge, and quaint, picturesque Littlehampton was *en fête* when the Duke of Norfolk, accompanied by Lady Rachel, his two-year old daughter, formally declared open the bridge which has been built to replace the old-fashioned ferry, which used to prove so sore a trial to motorists. Littlehampton is within a drive of Arundel Castle, and makes ideal headquarters for those owners of horseless carriages who wish to enjoy the varied pleasures of Goodwood from a quieter spot than Brighton, with all its charms, can pretend to be.

Tolstoi as Anti-Christ. One part of the Russian proposals for honouring Tolstoi his English friends do not accept; they will not subscribe the money with which to buy his family estates, with a view to presenting them to the peasants. That is for Russians. Six months ago such a project would have been declared unnecessary by the peasants themselves. Long ago the Count declared his intention of giving his land to the moujiks. Instead, he handed them over to his Countess. A body of peasants conducted a war in miniature against her last autumn, with a view to terrorising her into acquiescence in this altruistic project. The funds necessary for the new proposal will not be too readily subscribed by Orthodox Russians. Five years ago the University of Dorpat elected Tolstoi and Father John of Cronstadt members of the Council. Father John declined. "I do not desire" he wrote, "to become in any sense a member of a society, however learned and respected, which, by an insulting misunderstanding, has placed me on a level with that godless man, Count Leo Tolstoi, the most evil heretic of our evil time, surpassing

THE youngest of Lord Bessborough's three daughters is now regarded as among the most brilliant and clever girls belonging to the quite young section of the great world. Through her mother, Lady Gweneth is of Welsh descent, hence her pretty and uncommon name. Yet another of Lady Bessborough's daughters, now Lady Oranmore and Browne, has the still more peculiar name of Olwen. Lady Gweneth is very fond of riding, but, as is to be expected in a niece of

all the heretics that have ever been in his pride and presumption. I do not wish to be placed beside Anti-Christ." And to this he added a protest against incense being burned before this "satanic author."

Lady Beatrice Herbert. During the King's forthcoming visit

to Wilton House, Lord Pembroke's splendid place near Salisbury, Lady Pembroke will be helped to do the honours by her daughter-in-law, Lady Beatrice Herbert. The future Countess

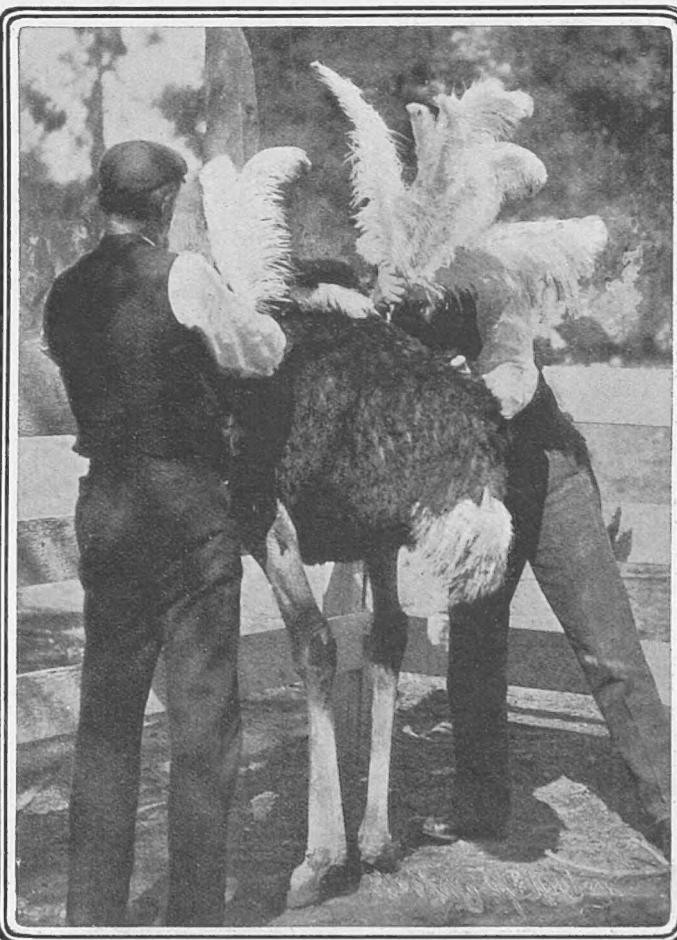


Lady Herries. Duke of Norfolk. Lady Rachel



OUR PREMIER DUKE AND HIS DAUGHTER, THE LADY RACHEL FITZALAN-HOWARD.

The Lady Mary Rachel Fitzalan-Howard—who, by the way, is heiress to the Barony of Maltravers, which was created in 1330—was born on June 27th, 1905.—[Photograph by Halstones.]



PLUCKED—AND YET NOT A GOWNSMAN: PLUCKING AN OSTRICH.

With the question as to whether it should be illegal to use the plumage of birds for purposes of decoration to the fore, this photograph of the plucking of an ostrich should be of interest. The full-grown birds on a modern ostrich-farm are relieved of their feathers every seven months, and while the plucking is in progress a blinding "stocking" is placed over the bird's head. The larger plumes are cut; the smaller ones are pulled out. No pain is caused to the bird. In the case of a full-grown bird the value of a single crop of feathers is from four to five pounds.—[Photograph by Shepstone.]

TO ENTERTAIN THE KING AT WILTON HOUSE: LADY BEATRICE HERBERT.

Photograph by Langford.

is one of two lovely sisters, both married to the elder sons of Earls, and by birth belonging to the family of "the favoured Pagets." Lady Beatrice is the mother of two lovely children, Sidney and Patricia, of whom the Kaiser took special notice during his visit to Wilton.

Whose is the Greatest Power? In the

smoking room of a popular West-End club the other afternoon a group of men suddenly raised the query as to which six men wield the most power in the world, and very considerable diversity of opinion was expressed. By general consent King Edward was placed at the head of the list, but it seemed impossible to arrive at any agreement as to the remaining five. After some considerable argument it was decided to canvass the whole of the members then in the building, and ask them to write down the names of the six they considered the most powerful. The following was the result, with the order of voting: (1) the King; (2) the Pope; (3) the Tsar; (4) the Sultan of Turkey; (5) the President of the United States; (6) the Emperor of China. Among others who were voted for very generally were the Emperor of Japan, the French President, and the Kaiser.

The Gold Cup. The Gold Cup is the oldest trophy still raced for at Ascot, having been first given in 1821. From 1845 until the outbreak of the war in the Crimea, nine years later, this trophy was known as the Emperor's Cup, and was presented annually by the Tsar of Russia. In 1854, however, it reverted to its old title of the Gold Cup, and as such it has been known ever since. In 1838 Queen Victoria gave the first Queen's Vase, which still remains the principal event of the first day's racing. The other event of primary importance, the Royal Hunt Cup, was first established in 1843.



LAST week was, of course, the Fallières week, the week of the naissance of the Entente Permanente. I and every other Londoner of the land of clubs seemed to meet the French President at every turn, for from St. James's Palace, the very centre of Clubland, he drove north or south or east or west half-a-dozen times a day. I began my bowing and cheering acquaintance with M. Fallières earlier in the week than did most Londoners, for I saw him off from Boulogne. It is rather curious how in France a great man's popularity apparently depends on the shortness of his name. It seemed to me that M. Fallières did not receive so warm a welcome at Boulogne as did M. Loubet when, some five years ago, he visited the great northern fishing town; but an Englishman more observant than I am pointed out to me that this was not really the case, but that "Vive Loubet!" and "Vive Carnot!" were sentences so much easier to cry than "Vive Fallières!" The only remedy, so far as I can see, for this difficulty is for a President, when elected, always to reduce his name to two syllables.

I saw M. Fallières when he heard his first British cheer, which is a revelation to any foreigner. He had said "au revoir" to the gentlemen in uniform and the gentlemen in dress clothes who had come to the quay to see him off, and had boarded the stout little tender which was to take him out to the long grey cruiser lying well outside the breakwater. There were cries of "Vive Fallières!" from the quay, but it seemed to me that the President's mind had turned with his eyes to the white horses which were jumping on the jade-green sea outside the piers. From the big turbine-steamer, the *Queen*, lying just behind the tender, came three rousing British cheers, given by the British crew, led by their officers. M. Fallières turned his head and listened. This was something new, something almost startling in its volume of sound. He became very familiar with it before his five-day visit to our capital was over.

There was no mistaking the heartiness of the welcome bestowed on the President by the Londoners, and an unusual touch of colour and movement was given to the crowds which lined the sidewalks by the waving of the tricolor paper-whisks, which must have been sold in hundreds of thousands by the hawkers. Standing in the press to see M. Fallières drive down to Earl's Court, every child near me had one of these whisks, and as the royal carriages came past they waved them, cheering shrilly. With the many-coloured pennons fluttering above and the red-white-and-blue whisks vibrating over the heads of the lookers-on, the usual pepper-and-salt London crowd seemed to have taken to itself an aureole of brilliant colours.

There was no feeling of dread that some untoward accident might occur



ENTENTE CORDIALE AS MATERIAL FOR A BALLET :
MISS JACQUELINE BLANEY AS MARIANNE (LA FRANCE)
IN "THE TWO FLAGS," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.



THE ENTENTE CORDIALE AT THE ENTENTRIES :
SIGNALLING THE KING'S ARRIVAL AT THE GATES OF
THE CITY OF WHITE PALACES ON THE OCCASION OF
THE ROYAL AND PRESIDENTIAL VISIT.

Photograph by Bolak.

in London, as there always is in Continental towns, and when the President drove by a previously announced route to a ceremony, one policeman to every fifty or a hundred yards of road was all that was considered necessary to keep the crowd in line. At Boulogne there was a great muster of soldiery, all the regiments of neighbouring garrisons being brought in; commissaires of police, girt with tricolored scarves, and detectives were here, there, and everywhere, and inside the line of soldiers was another line, at greater intervals, of gendarmes, who turned their backs to the Presidential procession as it passed and watched the crowd.

Of course, such precautions beget nervousness, and an incident occurred which showed me how fidgety all the officials felt. I stood in the open space by the fish-market, whence a narrow main street climbs to the upper town. I had noticed that the street had been further narrowed by a triumphal arch built across it, and I wondered how the carriages and escorting cavalry were going to squeeze through the arch.

The President passed into the street at a slow trot, the artillerymen who acted as postillions restraining their little brown horses, which were anxious to better the ceremonial pace; and after the carriage went the dragoons jogging two and two. Of a sudden there came a check, and the dragoons, not expecting it, rode into a bunch at the entrance of the street. Two or three mounted gendarmes at once galloped towards the street entrance, and the colonel of a regiment and his adjutant both put spurs to their horses, and rode forward to see what was occurring. The arch was the cause of the check, and the dragoons soon strung out again and disappeared up the street, but for a second or two I feel sure that the thought of a bomb was in the minds of all the officials, as it was in mine.

M. Fallières may not be a great orator, but his speeches, short as they may be, are very much to the point, and it seems quite easy to him to say the right thing. I saw him at Boulogne move from Professors to Municipal Councillors, and on to cyclists and athletes; and whatever it was that he had to say to the leaders of all the groups, it set them smiling. There was an ex-Cuirassier, who had ridden in one of the great charges of the Franco-German War, whom he patted on the shoulder; and when an old sailor, his breast shining with medals for saving drowning people, was brought up to him, he first chaffed him jovially, and then said — "I am thinking that the Cross of the Legion of Honour would look well in the midst of those decorations," which was the happiest speech amongst the many happy ones the President made during the course of the day.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE "AMERICAN SIREN" AFFAIR:
DETECTIVES AND OTHERS AT WORK ON MRS. BELLE GUNNESS'S FARM.



INTERESTED PARTIES EXAMINING THE REMAINS
OF THE BURNT-OUT FARM.



PRINCE, THE SHEPHERD DOG,
WHO WAS THE PET OF MRS.
GUNNESS'S CHILDREN.



THE SHERIFF SEARCHING THE FARM FOR HUMAN
REMAINS.



THE SURROUNDINGS OF MRS. GUNNESS'S BURNT-OUT FARM (O); THE GRANARY (O O), WHICH IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN USED
AS A MORGUE, AND THE PLACE ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN USED AS A BURYING-GROUND (X).



THE SHERIFF REMOVING HUMAN BONES FOUND ON THE FARM
AT LA PORTE, INDIANA.



PINKERTON DETECTIVES EXAMINING THE WALLS
OF MRS. GUNNESS'S HOUSE.

An extraordinary sensation has been caused in America by what has been called the "American Siren" affair, and various other names. It will be remembered that a farm owned by Mrs. Gunness, who has been called "the Siren," was burnt to the ground, and that no trace of Mrs. Gunness could be discovered. In the ashes were found, so it is said, four bodies, three of which were identified as those of Mrs. Gunness's children; the fourth was the headless body of a woman. In searching the farm buildings and the farmyard, the police found the buried remains of a human body. This led to further search, and nine other bodies were found. Three of these could, it was alleged, be identified as those of suitors for Mrs. Gunness's hand. Later it was stated that inquiries had shown that Mrs. Gunness had been in the habit of advertising for suitors, and it was suggested that these had been lured to the farm in considerable numbers, robbed, murdered, and buried.—[Photographs by L. Van Oyen.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"LE DÉDALE"—"NAN"—"FEED THE BRUTE"—"THE GREY STOCKING."

PROBABLY Mme. Bartet's season at the Shaftesbury would have been more successful dramatically if she had started with "Le Dédale." M. Hervieu apparently is her pet author, and it was rather hard on him to choose for England a play like "La Loi de l'Homme," intensely local in specific interest. Now, "Le Dédale" is a powerful comedy which might pass in any country. I do not remember an English drama in which a woman, after getting divorced from A and marrying B, falls in love a second time with A and becomes too friendly with him. This sort of thing no doubt happens in some of the American States, such as South Dakota, where the courts advertise facilities for divorce on terms that suggest the common phrase, "Hats ironed while you wait." However, the American dramatists, as we know them, avoid the really dramatic questions of life, and, with rare exceptions, give us nothing but mere conventional love-stories. "Le Dédale" is a very strong play, finely written, with a nicely characteristic dialogue and well-drawn characters. The audience was enthusiastic—except, perhaps, during the last act, which hung fire a little, and was not tremendously thrilling even when husband and lover fell over a precipice, leaving the charming Marianne free to embark on further matrimonial experiences.

Mme. Bartet's work as the twice-wedded lady was of quite admirable quality; no doubt she lacks just the touch of genius which has caused two of her compatriots to give more amazing performances, but also has led them into paths in which their gifts have been less worthily employed; yet her acting is of fine enough quality to do full justice to the play, and her technical skill and personal charm rendered Marianne fascinating. The rest of her company were very good. Mme. Dux and Mme. Flore Mignot—neither of them very effective on the first night of the season—played excellently. M. Albert Lambert *fil*s acted in admirable style as Max de Pogis, and M. Jacques Fenoux represented the second husband very ably.

The most recent venture of the Pioneers was remarkably successful. Mr. John Masefield's first play, "The Campden Wonder," was very able and quite intolerable. "Nan" is even abler, and though painful, intensely interesting and also endurable. The title, of course, reminds one of a popular old play called "Nan; or, Good for Nothing," entirely conventional and rather sloppily sentimental. The new "Nan" is a somewhat severe study of Gloucestershire peasant life about a hundred years ago. Still, the tragic story of the gallows-bird girl is beautified by some finely poetic scenes, and there is a love duet between Nan and Dick, her rustic sweetheart, of great beauty, yet curiously truthful. The figure of the mad fiddler, a kind of chorus, makes a thrilling background to the play; so although our feelings were harrowed by the piece, we were all delighted, and are very glad to know that the experimental performance of a tragedy which proves that we have a new dramatist of real importance has already been followed by production in the ordinary way

"Nan" was quite brilliantly acted. In the name-part Miss Lillah McCarthy reached greatness; her performance was unforgettable: it somewhat dwarfed the work of some others; yet the acting of Mrs. A. B. Tapping and Miss Mary Jerrold was of noteworthy excellence; and the work of Messrs. A. E. Anson, Horace Hodges, and H. B. Hignett was of fine quality.

The other piece of the Pioneers, called "Feed the Brute," showed "George Paston" at her best. Everybody was diverted by the humorously pathetic picture of Mrs. Pottle soothing her choleric husband and getting him into a good temper by the stew and the jam roly-poly, which would have given some of us indigestion and bad temper.

There was no more plot in the piece than one finds in—a roly-poly: but it was very funny throughout, and capitally rendered by Mr. Edmund Gwenn and Miss Clare Greet. Nor should the clever performance of Miss Agnes Thomas, who thought little of men and considered that cold bacon and tinned salmon were good enough for her husband, be overlooked.

Mr. Maurice Baring's comedy, "The Grey Stocking," which was produced at a matinée last week at the Royalty, displayed the cleverness of the literary man who finds himself a little out of his element in the unaccustomed atmosphere of the stage. His characters talked wittily, but their actions and motives were baffling; and in his striving for naturalness he overloaded his play with a great deal of matter which the artist with fuller development as dramatist would have left out. His plot, which concerned the love-making of a Russian Count with his hostess at a country-house, and was complicated by the introduction of a second married lady, herself beloved by a gentleman who was not her husband, was rather commonplace in form, though treated with some originality. There was a great deal of lively chatter in the play about literature, art, society, etc., which, up to a certain point, carried us along gaily; but when the plot insisted upon being taken into account, matters became rather troublesome. Indeed, the plot seemed to get in the way of the dramatist, and one had the feeling, unfounded it may be, that Mr. Baring was not exactly in love with his subject. The company engaged was of extraordinary strength. The chief task was given to Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and she accomplished it brilliantly.

She represented the hostess, Lady Sybil Alston, and the part of her almost successful Russian lover was rendered very well by Mr. Harcourt Williams. Miss Gertrude Kingston acted superbly as the lively Mrs. Willbrough. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree made quite a hit by a very clever performance as Mrs. James, a literary lady. Mr. C. V. France played ably the character of the unsatisfactory husband of Lady Sybil Alston. In "The Grey Stocking" there is cleverness enough to make one hope to see another play from the pen of Mr. Baring; but it is necessary to hint that at present he is in a state where the aid of the collaborator would be very useful. He is not one of the rare Minerva-born dramatists.



THE WINNER OF THE LEWIS WALLER DRAMATIC SCHOLARSHIP:
MISS GERALDINE LE SAGE.

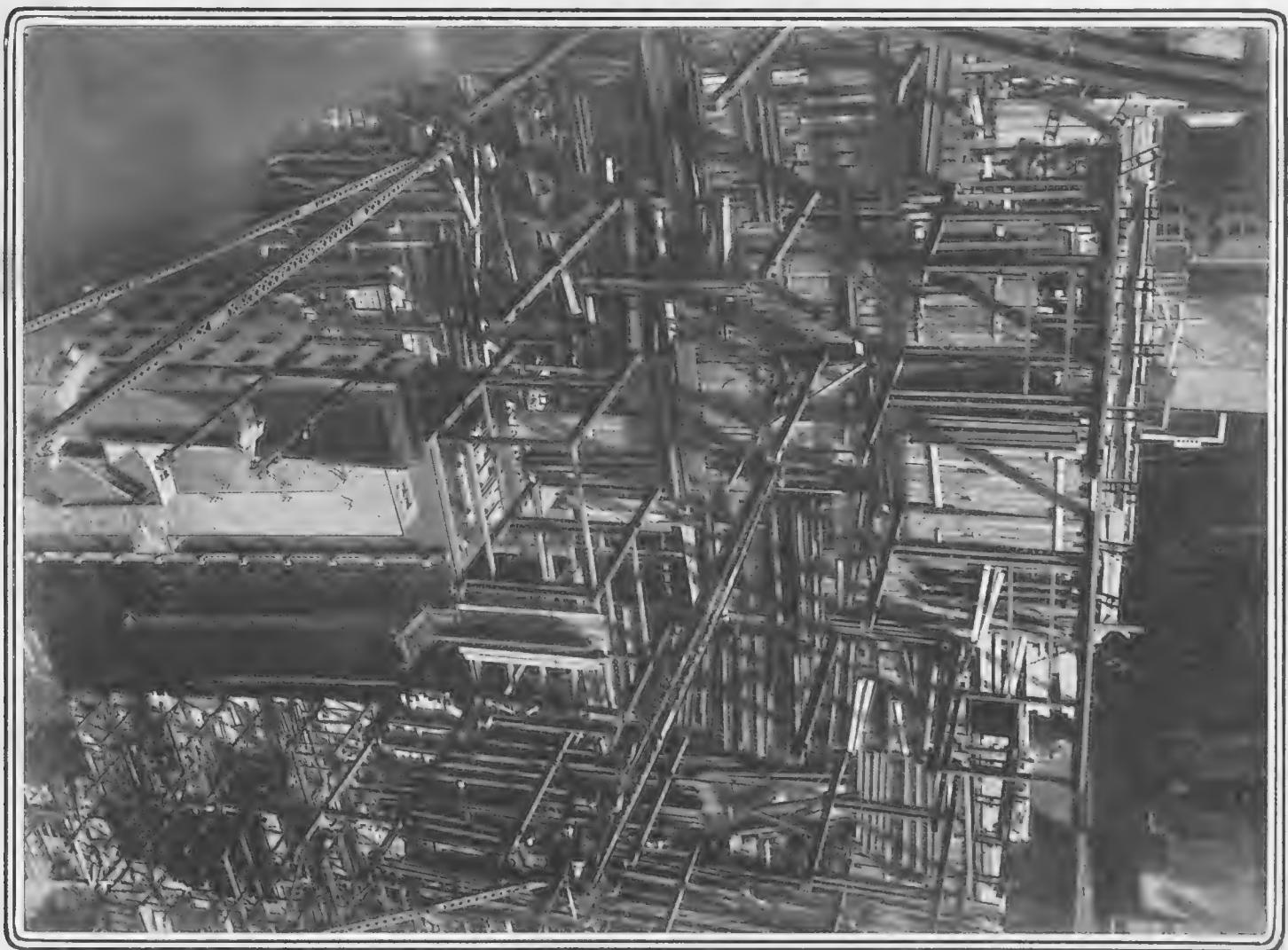
Miss Le Sage won the Lewis Waller dramatic scholarship the other day. She is an American by birth, and came to England last year in time to spend the season in Dublin, where she was presented by the wife of the French Consul-General. During the last six months she has met with considerable success over here as a teller of American stories.—[Photograph by Wilfrid L. Jenkins.]

AMAZING, INDEED! AND A MAZE INDEED.



HOW WOULD THIS DO FOR TRAFALGAR SQUARE? DANCERS IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES AFTER THE BAL DES QUAT'Z ARTS.

A few days ago, after the Bal des Quat'z Arts, the Champs Elysées were invaded in the early morning by a number of dancers more or less dressed in the manner of the ancient Egyptians, or, dare one say, in prim-eve-al costume. Certain of these posed in front of the Petit Palais in tableaux vivants. The incident caused much excitement in Paris. The Bal des Quat'z Arts is so known from the fact that it unites the students of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. The photograph here given was taken at 5 o'clock in the morning.



THE WHAT IS IT, AND WHY IS IT SO: A MAZE OF MASONRY AND GIRDERS—WHICH WAY UP SHOULD THE PHOTOGRAPH BE?

The extraordinary effect shown was obtained by a photographer who took the photograph from the top of the Singer building, New York (when it was in course of construction) pointing his camera in such a manner that the resulting view showed the lower floors of the building through the iron girders. It may amuse our readers to decide which way up the photograph should be. Obviously, we have not inserted it right way up.—[Photograph by Lazernick.]

FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"MARIAGE D'ETOILE."

By M. Bisson and
Thurner.

Théâtre du Vaudeville.

Censor man at once. For it is obvious to the meanest capacity (your own capacity is not in question, Madame La Lectrice) that as Florence Bell is quite unmarried she ought not to have any daughter. But she wasn't always as unmarried as she is, dear lady. In days gone by—gone by some twenty years now—Florence was very friendly with a long-haired young man who had ambitions and the uncomfortable name of Ildefonse Lacrampe. He has lost his ambitions and become a keeper of the records of Angers. His long hair is grey, and he never gave his name to Florence Bell because she never wanted it. The result of their friendship was a charming daughter called Gilberte, with whom André Lamberthier has fallen over his well-brushed head and patent-leather heels in love.

Florence Bell has remained young and charming. It is all very well for Shakespeare and George Bernard Shaw and other celebrities to go about asking riddles as to what there may be in a name. When an actress has been young and charming for thirty years she is not going to get out of the habit of being young and charming just because she has a grown-up daughter. And when, in a delightful scene, Monsieur and Madame Lamberthier, with André in tow, call on Florence to inspect Gilberte, Florence has to tie knots in her handkerchief, as it were, to remember that her dear desire is to become a mother-in-law.

There are people like that. I know two grandmothers myself who will—but there, never shall it be said that at my time of life I have brought a blush to the youthful cheek of either of these dear grandmothers. To our muttons.

It is all settled. André loves Gilberte, Gilberte loves André, Monsieur and Madame Lamberthier think Florence very charming, Florence restrains a wicked longing to tell the young man some of her best and bluest stories, and the curtain is rung down upon Act I. And after an interval for breath and a drink, it rises on Act II. and a villa by the sea-shore, where Florence Bell, her daughter, Ildefonse Lacrampe (who has exchanged his Bohemian position in Florence's society for that of her fiancé), and the Lamberthier family are staying for the summer. They are having a dickens of a time.

Florence Bell does not believe in marriage—for herself. With regard to her daughter, however, it is a different matter. And there, you see, we are at loggerheads with that dear

Gilberte and her papa—perhaps it's not quite nice to say that, though—Gilberte and Ildefonse Lacrampe have been down to Angers for a few days, and somehow, while they've been away

the fun at Thingumbob-sur-Mer has grown "furious and furious," as the immortal Alice puts it. Master André is always catching his mother-in-law—that-is-to-be round the waist, and kissing her under the left ear, and Florence, who never can remember that she has a grown-up daughter when she doesn't see her, rather likes it, the forty-year-old kitten. As for old Lamberthier, if he hadn't got the rheumatics, he would poison his elderly wife and propose to Florence himself. As he can't do that, he curls his hair and moustache, wears the most youthful clothes he can, and frisks consummately. When Gilberte and her—I wish people wouldn't make these things so difficult to say—when Gilberte and her step-father—that-is-to-be-when-Florence-Bell-makes-up-her-mind-to-do-what-she-ought-to-have-done-years-ago return to Thingumbob-sur-Mer, they are a bit upset at the turn things are taking. Ildefonse is very anxious for his (bother!) for Gilberte to be quite happy, and she, poor little white dove, sees quite clearly that André doesn't love her as he did. You know the kind of thing I mean. When people are engaged, and the young man wants to go bathing with his future mother-in-law instead of asking his fiancée whether she has been thinking about him every sixty minutes of each of the twenty-four hours of the five

there must be something quite wrong matters grow worse. André and Florence Bell bet kisses, and André, when he begins to take them, loses that well-brushed head of his a bit. Gilberte wouldn't mind her fiancé hugging her mother in the good old-fashioned come-on-and-kiss-me-and-be-hanged-to-you style. But it is not done that way at all. The soul-kiss which Gilberte surprises has lasted long enough to enable her to indulge in a pout and a stamp and a tear, and a determination never to see André again. But Florence thought the soul-kiss a bit too soulful herself, and determined to break off her daughter's match. Then André promises to be a good boy, Florence goes back to Paris, the



TO BE M. COQUELIN'S LEADING LADY AT HIS MAJESTY'S: Mlle. GILDA DARPHY AS MME. DE MONTESPAN IN "L'AFFAIRE DES POISONS," IN WHICH SHE WILL PLAY OVER HERE.

M. Coquelin and his company are due to make their first appearance at His Majesty's on the fifteenth of this month, in Sardou's new play, "L'Affaire des Poisons." The company is the one that appeared in the original production. Mlle. Darphy made her début seven years ago in Paris, and her first notable appearance as Poppaea in "Quo Vadis."

Photograph by Reutlinger.

days of her absence, somewhere. And then



ON A FLYING VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY: MME. SARAH BERNHARDT CHEZ ELLE.

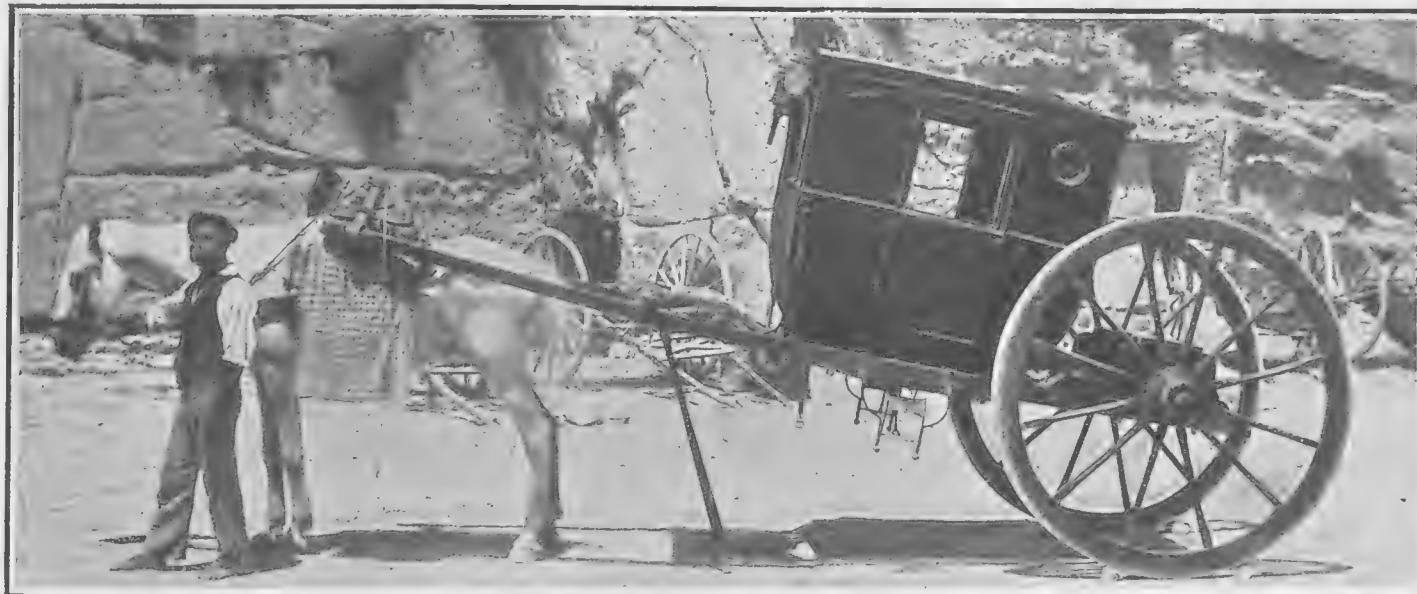
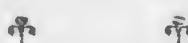
Mme. Bernhardt was due to begin a series of flying matinées at the Kennington Theatre on Monday last. Yesterday she was to appear at the King's, Hammersmith; to-day she is to be at Brighton, and to-morrow at the Coronet, Notting Hill. She is playing in "La Dame aux Camélias."

young people make it up, and we are told that Florence is to become Mme. Ildefonse Lacrampe and settle down as much as such a flighty young thing of forty can.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



THE CLUMSIEST CALECHE IN THE WORLD? AN EXTRAORDINARY CARRIAGE STILL USED IN MALTA.

This strange vehicle is occasionally seen in Città Vecchia, the former capital of Malta, where it arouses the interest of natives and visitors alike. It belongs to an elderly lady, who drives to and from church in it.



THE CLEANEST SOLDIER IN THE WORLD:

THE JAP IN THE JAR.

Even in the field the Japanese soldier bathes regularly. During the war he used to sink a large Chinese jar into the earth. Underneath it he built a little furnace, so that he might enjoy his hot bath.

Photograph by Gribayedoff.



A REMARKABLE STUDY OF MUSCULAR EQUILIBRIUM: THE BALL-PLAYER.

The statue, by Sandor Jaray, has created a sensation at the Berlin Art Exhibition. It is a very remarkable example of muscular equilibrium.

Photograph by Sandor Jaray.



THE APE IN THE ROCK: A STONE WITH A CONSUL-LIKE PROFILE.

The fissures in this curious boulder give it the appearance of a grotesque ape.

Photograph by C. S. Sargisson.



BURIED ALIVE TO WIN PARADISE.

The fakirs of India inflict strange tortures on themselves. Some keep their hands clenched until the nails grow through the palms; some lie for years on beds of nails; and others bury themselves alive up to their necks, thus hoping to attain Paradise.

Photograph supplied by the Salvation Army.



MAGICAL, SPEAR-PROOF ARMOUR.

The natives of the New Hebrides make spear-proof armour of plaited leaves, very tough, and treated with a secret preparation. The armour will turn a spent bullet.

Photograph by Kerr and Co.



MISS NICHOLSON, WHOSE MARRIAGE WITH CAPTAIN ROCHFORT-BOYD WAS FIXED FOR MONDAY LAST.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Royal Highness is godmother to the little Tsarevitch, and is on terms of intimate friendship with her cousins.

Two Interesting Weddings. The first Society wedding to take place in the month of roses is that of Captain Rochfort-Boyd and Miss Nicholson. The bridegroom, of course, belongs to the noted Irish family who have given so many sons to the Army, and his bride is well known in Brighton society. Yet another couple who apparently share the superstition that May is an unlucky month for marriage are Miss Janet Mackay, the second daughter of Sir James Mackay, who was formerly a member of the Council of the Viceroy of India and Sheriff of Calcutta, and Mr. Fred G. Bailey, of the Royal Horse Artillery, the second son of Sir James Bailey, so long M.P. for Newington. Both bride and bridegroom are well known and popular in Essex.

An Important Marriage. Lady Elizabeth Grimston is perhaps the prettiest of the many pretty brides whose weddings will make the season of 1908 memorable. She inherits beauty from her mother, Lady Verulam, who was a Graham of Netherby, one of whose ancestresses is said to have been the bride of Young Lochinvar. Lady Elizabeth's bridegroom is

LADY ELIZABETH GRIMSTON.



THE WEDDING OF THE AUTHOR OF "DON Q."

Photographs by Kate Pragnell.

together with the Princess and his son, were received by the King and Queen before the general company. The Maharajah is a most remarkable potentate; he and his wife, the eldest daughter of the famous reformer Kesub Chander Sen, came with their children to be present at the Queen's Jubilee. The young Princess is already married, and is very fond of England.

A New Soldier Prince. Prince Alexander of Battenberg is about to do a rather unusual thing among royal princes. He is giving



CAPTAIN ROCHFORT-BOYD, WHOSE MARRIAGE WITH MISS NICHOLSON WAS FIXED FOR MONDAY LAST.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

up the Navy, which he entered under the auspices of his uncle, Prince Louis, in favour of the Army. His Highness is the eldest son of Princess Henry of Battenberg, and he was, of course, named after his father's famous brother, Alexander of Bulgaria. He was a much-loved grandson of Queen Victoria, and as a child spent a good deal of time with the late Sovereign. Prince Alexander, who is the favourite brother of the young Queen of Spain, came of age last autumn. It was at one time suggested that he might make a career in Spain, but all his associations are English, and so he is about to enter the British Army.

Two Charming Mothers-in-Law. This week sees two delightful and

popular hostesses suddenly turned into mothers-in-law. Lady

Jekyll, who may be said to have just assumed maternal responsibilities to the First Lord of the Admiralty, is the daughter of a well-known art-collector of the mid-Victorian era, and she shares with her sister, Lady Horner, many memories of that group of artists known collectively as the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which brought about the renaissance of British art. Both the Miss Grahams possessed to the highest degree the art of the needle, and so great a painter as Burne-Jones was

proud to make designs for them to immortalise in silk and wool. Lady Jekyll has transmitted

her devotion to art to her young daughters, and today's bride will certainly make many delightful additions to the art treasures already to be found at the Admiralty. Lady Lyttelton, whose eldest daughter became Mrs. Masterman yesterday, is one of a brilliant group of charming sisters, *née* Stuart-Wortley. She has long been one of the most important of military hostesses, but she does not look much older than her own daughters.



A HOSTESS OF ROYALTY AT ALDERSHOT, LADY SMITH-DORRIEN.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



AN INDIAN PRINCESS PRESENTED AT COURT: THE MAHARAJ KUMRI SUKRITI DEVI.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

An Indian Princess at Court. Perhaps the most interesting of the presentations made at the last Court held by their Majesties was that of the Maharaj Kumri Sukriti Devi, the daughter of the Maharajah of Kuch Behar. His Highness,

A PETRIFIED FISH AS A MONUMENT TO A GERMAN EMPEROR.



THE 12-FOOT PETRIFIED FISH ERECTED IN WÜRTEMBERG AS A MEMORIAL TO WILLIAM I.,
GERMAN EMPEROR AND KING OF PRUSSIA.

This extraordinary petrified fish, which has been set up as a memorial in the manner shown, dates from prehistoric times. It is twelve feet long without its head, which has not been discovered. The diameter of its throat is six-and-a-half feet.

Photograph by Richard Fuchs.



BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Harvests of the Wise.

The betting man's millennium will be attained when, on a future Derby Day, he is able to get the result by wireless telegraphy straight from the course, assured that none of his patrons is before him with post-start "inspirations."

But these latter have not always been the monopoly of the takers of odds. Year after year a mounted man would meet the Edinburgh coach twenty miles from the Modern Athens, get from the guard the name of the Derby winner, then flee as a bird for the city. He would have four or five horses ready saddled distributed over the journey, and by these relays would reach Edinburgh well ahead of the coach bringing the news. The rider and his confederates would then saunter into

the betting-rooms and indulge in a little last-thought speculation. Up, in due course, would come the mail, and all Edinburgh would wonder how it was that half-a-dozen men had, thirty or forty hours after the race, so firmly decided to lay against the favourite, and to back outsiders. For favourites then, as now, were sometimes beaten, and the unlikely ones won.

The Harvest of the Wiser.

Among the victims of this trick were officers quartered in Edinburgh. No and they, with One year, how-

Putting it Mildly.

The King and Queen's visit to Russia will hardly result in a repetition of the historic feat of the courtier who established villages to represent thriving prosperity along the route taken by the Empress of all the Russias. But the King has had some experience of the sort. When

he reached Perambore, in the course of his Indian tour, he found artificial groves of trees planted by the way, "so thickly that they appeared to touch the ethereal regions," as the local Tamil paper said. We do not even now know nearly all the wonders of that tour. The *Veltikodegone*, the Tamil paper in question, might at present serve as a model for our

Russian brethren of the pen. They should notice his Majesty's hand, "vivid as the crimson colour of lotus." For the sentries who guard the way there is this hint—"All those and every one of the spectators, who waited with inexpressible anxiety the whole of the previous night, with their eyes wide awake, exposing themselves to the fulgent and frigid rays of the moon, as well as the darting rays of the morning sun, fearless of the dangerous consequences of the deed, no sooner heard the report of the guns than they got up and stood with their hands folded and their mouths closed, in the fashion of Oriental loyalty usually shown to Sovereigns."

Nose-Blowing by Command.

It would never do for the King and Queen ostensibly to be amused by the official regulations obtaining in lands they visit. It would, however, be interesting to know their private opinions of some of the doings in the country whose royal visitors' book set them down, when they were last there, as "Prince and Princess Walesky." Will they see the snub-nosed sons of Mars, one wonders? There is, or was when the King was last in Russia, a regiment of men each of whom glories in the possession of a nose tilted skyward. The Emperor Paul wore this style of nose, and the regiment, called the Paulovski, was enrolled in his honour, to glorify his nasal pattern. At the State review, as the Emperor approached the snub-nosed

Paulovskis, each man, at the word of command, violently blew his nose, so that none of them might sneeze as the Sovereign passed, and by so doing bring him ill-luck.

Ordered There were no motor-Disorder: 'buses thirty years ago, or those who are protesting to the Lord Mayor against the noise and stench of some of these machines would have had a powerful ally in Offenbach. He hated noise with as hearty a hatred as Sir Theodore Martin; but a little relented when the noise was rhythmic. He dismissed the best of valets in his closing days, but gave the man an unexceptionable character. "Why, if he is such a good servant, did you dismiss him?" asked the



A PELICAN WHO TRIED TO EAT A LION: RESCUING THE CUB FROM THE BIRD'S POUCH.

Our photograph illustrates an extraordinary incident at the Earl's Court "Zoo." An enormous pelican got hold of a tiny lion cub which was sunning itself and gobbled it up. The incident was witnessed by Mr. Frank Bostock, who, with assistance, removed the little lion, scared but unharmed, from the pelican's pouch before the bird had time to swallow it. Mr. Bostock was just in the nick of time—and so was a photographer who happened to be in the vicinity.

Photograph by Halstones.

suspicion was entertained for a long time, others, paid their bets and only marvelled. However, before the mail was due, a knot of officers wandered into the rooms and sounded the praises of a horse which was supposed to have no chance for the race. The gallopers with the news had not arrived, so their confederates indulged the officers' fancy for a bet. Several hundreds were laid. The gamblers sauntered off to the billiard-room and found other speculators as ready to lay the odds—100 to 1. Presently the coach arrived—publicly to proclaim that the officers' outsider had won. The officers pocketed their gains and said nothing. They had been bitten by the trick of previous years, and had now gone better on their own account. A trusty sergeant had trained pigeons, and the birds had brought the name of the winner, far ahead of secret gallopers and lumbering coach; and if two wrongs can make a right, accounts were squared.



AN ICE SPORT IN A SUN-BAKED LAND: THE FIRST OPEN-AIR SKATING-RINK IN EGYPT.

The rink is at Cairo. Roller-skates are, of course, used.—[Photograph by F. Wade.]

prospective employer. "Well, you see, he always used to beat my clothes outside my door, and I never could get him to do it in time," answered the maestro.



AUSTRALIA'S LATEST ADVANCE: THE NEW FEDERAL ARMS FOR THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA, WHICH HAVE JUST BEEN APPROVED BY THE KING.

Photograph by Halstones.

The Derby Dog on the Course Again!



VERNON STOKES &
ALAN WRIGHT

II.—PERRIER, THE DERBY DOG, FINDS THAT THE GOING IS GOOD.

DRAWN BY VERNON STOKES AND ALAN WRIGHT.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



AN impression—an erroneous and most annoying impression—has grown up among a certain section of the playgoing community that Mr. Alfred Lester, of the Gaiety Theatre, began his association with the stage by being a scene-shifter. The way in which this impression has been evolved is easy to understand, for it was in the part of a scene-shifter that Mr. Lester made his first great success in the West End of London. As a matter of fact, he comes of a theatrical family, his father and grandfather before him having been well-known actors who played with all the famous stars of their day. Mr. Lester himself began his career as a child, and has played every sort of part, from the heavy villain in drama to the dame in pantomime. For five successive summers, too, he ran his own companies, producing important plays and playing the principal parts in them in some of the leading provincial theatres. His association with the scene-shifter was curious. He was engaged to stage-manage a musical comedy, "The Officers' Mess," one scene of which represented the back of the stage while a company of amateur actors was engaged in rehearsing a play. It occurred to him that it would be interesting to introduce a scene-shifter with a single line to speak. He accordingly made his appearance in that part. The line went so well with the audience that the next night Mr. Lester added some more to it. So, night by night, he developed it until, at the end, it became the leading comedy part in the play, although not a single word was written in the manuscript.

Accidents, especially fatal accidents, are, happily, infrequent on our stage. An exceedingly interesting chapter, however, might be written of accidents which might have happened and might even have ended the lives of those concerned. In such a history, an incident which occurred many years ago to Mr. Edward O'Neill, who is acting in "Havana," would take a prominent place. At that time he was playing Macari, the Italian villain in "Called Back"—the part "created" by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and the second or third in the long line of foreign villains which did so much to make his reputation. In the last scene, as those who have seen the play will remember, Macari is shot by one of his fellow-conspirators, a man named Petroff. Just before going on for the last scene, the young actor who played the latter part was handed a couple of revolvers from which to choose. Being a novice, he asked Mr. O'Neill which

of them he should use. "It doesn't matter in the least to me," said the latter, and he went on the stage to play the scene. It proceeded quietly until Petroff entered to shoot Macari. It is a rule of the stage that the one who fires a revolver, while seeming to aim the loaded weapon at another actor, does not in reality do so, for

fear of accidents. Being inexperienced, however, the actor who was playing Petroff pointed his revolver straight at Mr. O'Neill's face and fired. Happily, there was no wad, and nothing untoward happened. A few minutes after the fall of the curtain, however, the actor of Petroff went to Mr. O'Neill in a terrible state of excitement. In his hand he had the second and unused revolver. He showed it to Mr. O'Neill. It was loaded in every chamber with ball cartridge. Had he used it, not only would Macari have been killed, but the actor who represented him would have been shot dead on the spot in the presence of the audience. As Mr. O'Neill has had his gun riddled with shot while it was resting on his shoulder, and on two occasions has had to swim for his life, he may well conclude that he is not intended to come to a sudden end.

How far actors should allow their feelings to run away with them when they are playing is a question which has been much discussed, and will in all probability continue to be discussed to the end of time, for it is obviously one on which the last word cannot be spoken. An amusing commentary on it is furnished by an incident which once happened to Mr. Charles Allan, who is acting in "A White Man," at the Lyric. In the play in which he

was engaged he had to be rather vigorously grasped at the wrist by another actor, with the result that constantly being soiled by the make-up from



THE JAPANESE BERNHARDT: MME. SADA YACCO—A BUST BY MME. RENÉE DE VÉRIANNE.

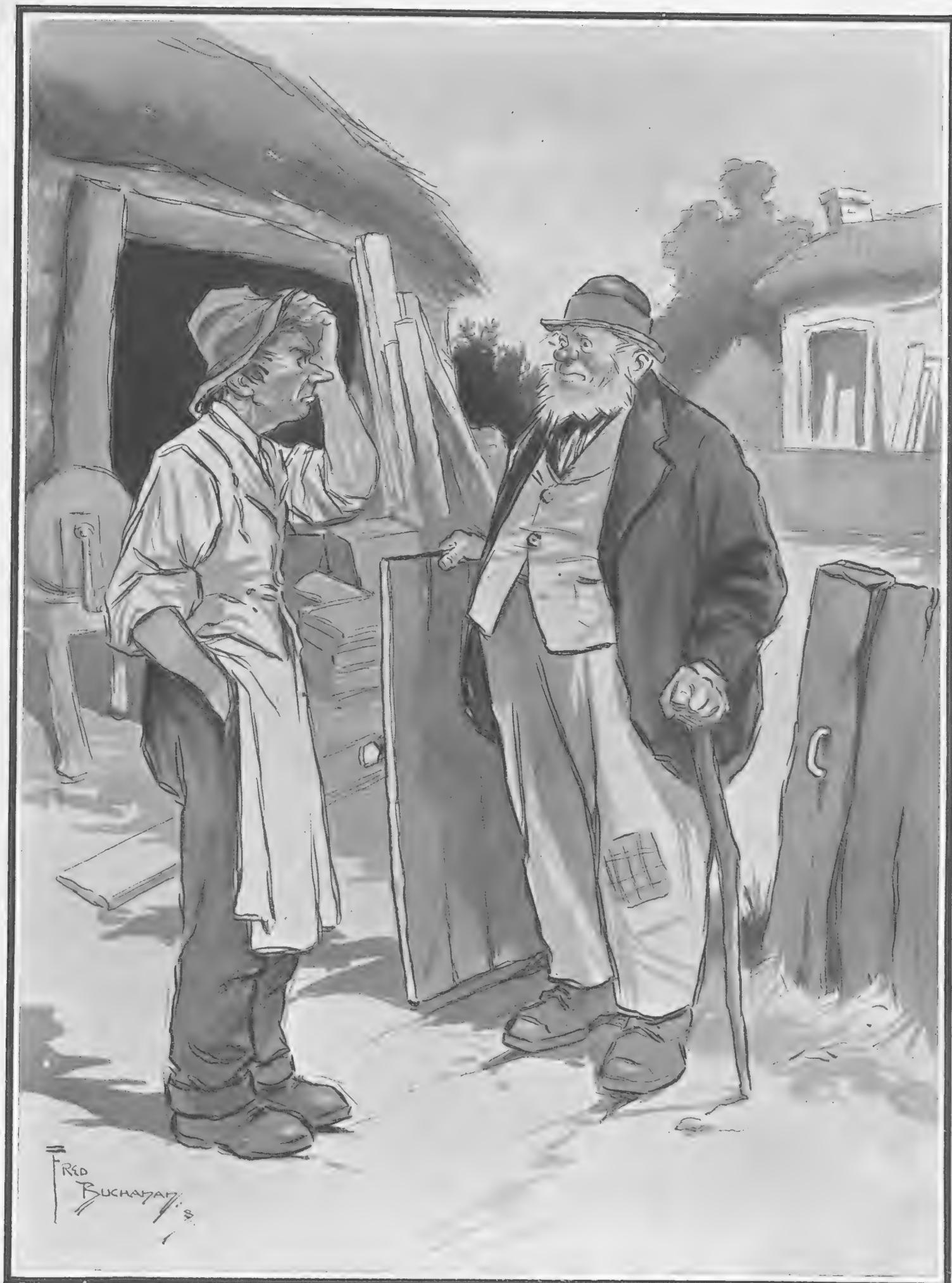


AH-H-H-H! AN AVALANCHE—OF FIREWORKS: THE GREAT THURSDAY SET-PIECE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The opening display of the fireworks season at the Crystal Palace took place last week. The chief set-piece on Thursdays is "The Avalanche," described by Messrs. Brock as follows: "A sensational firework drama in one scene and many acts—towering mountains, peaceful valley, Alpine chalet, invasion of modern civilisation, the railway, the train emerging from tunneled rock, Nature reasserts her sway, descent of the avalanche with fearful momentum and terrific noise, overwhelming the locality by sudden ruin. Marvellous escape of the train. The most thrilling and awe-inspiring fire-picture ever presented to the public."

One day, therefore, Mr. Allan remonstrated with him. "My dear friend," he replied, "send your laundry bill to me and let me clutch you wherever I like!"

THE CROWNING MISFORTUNE.



THE VILLAGE GRUMBLER: I dunno wot things is a-comin' to. 'Ere's poor old 'Enry gone; Aunt Jane's broke 'er leg; the old woman's ill abed; an' now, top o' it all, blowed if I 'aven't lost my 'ammer!

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IX flags were mounted on Apsley House, a little awkwardly, when President Fallières drove past. The name of Wellington is one which one does not willingly mention to the French guest, and luckily the President did not ask the King whose that great, dingy building might be—a building so blackened, so unpainted, so neglected-looking that only a Duke would dare to leave it in such a condition. Strange to say, at Hyde Park Corner you cannot get away from Waterloo, for next door to Apsley House is Lord Rothschild's, the financial fortunes of whose firm were originally part of the harvest which that "red rain" made grow. Byron, the poet of Waterloo, lived close at hand, and so did Praed, who put into delightful verse the fictions about Waterloo current in France. A few lines, perhaps, came to the President's mind as he drove up be-buntinged Grosvenor Place—

So Buonaparté pitched his tent
That night in Grosvenor Place,
And Ney rode straight to Parliament
And broke the Speaker's mace;
"Vive l'Empereur" was said and sung
From Peebles to Penzance;
The Mayor and Aldermen were hung,
Which made folk laugh in France!

But it is only under our breath that we can to-day quote the Waterloo literature of the quarter-of-a-century after its occurrence.

The proposal, by the vendors, that Millais's portrait of Tennyson should be acquired for the nation is not unreasonable. It is clearly a good portrait—Millais is said to have thought it the best he painted—for the nation to possess. Millais knew the poet well enough to paint him well, and he knew the poetry. While he sat, Tennyson would read "Maud" to him, and even ask his advice as to the revision of a line, upon which the man with the brushes would hide his head in his paint-box with bashfulness. Millais had large experience of poets. Once, after breakfasting with Rogers, he was asked if he had noticed the man who had just left the table. On answering that he had, he was told to remember him, for it was Wordsworth.

That charming poet of Pan and the Open Road, Mr. Bliss Carman, differs greatly from Mr. Bernard Shaw on the question of the prize dollar. I lately told how the dramatist had indignantly returned the thousand dollars awarded him by *Collier's Weekly*. Let that which is scorned by a son of the high-browed Muse of Fiction be diverted to the encouragement of her humble, little-regarded, and always lovely sister, the Muse of Poetry, pleads Mr. Carman. The only surprise of the incident—Mr. Shaw can surprise us into surprise no more—is that *Collier's Weekly* has not responded to Mr. Carman's suggestion. Surely that good sportsman, Mr. Robert Collier, whose admirable paper has lately become much more to

him than a game of polo, was not in the office when the challenge from Poetry to the cheque-book came?

A page of the pedigree of the *Academy*, or rather, a page of the pedigree of the *Academy's* editor—and the weekly that is making so good a bid for brilliance does actually owe much to its editor—is given by Mr. Norman Pearson in the *Nineteenth Century*. The Duchess of Queensberry of Walpole's day had her own Academy. The poet Gay was patted and fatted in her household, and even before Beau Brummell set an example, she was impudent to the Court. She had made original and utilitarian use of a Drawing Room by booking threat subscriptions for Gay's "Polly," and on this account she had received an order to attend no longer. Not even the outspoken young men in the Lincoln's Inn Fields offices could have replied with more spirit, for the rudest pen of to-day remembers its manners before a King—

The Duchess of Queensberry is surprised and well pleased that the King hath given her so agreeable a command as to stay from Court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a civility upon the King and Queen; she hopes that, by such an unprecedented order as this, the King will see as few as he wishes at his Court, particularly such as dare to think or speak truth.

Let him who will better me that!

But Swift, who hardly knew her, could be rude to a Duchess

more charmingly than a Duchess to a King. He had the prettiest way of calling people names; his very endearments consisted of such phrases as "naughty baggage," "rascal," and "rogue." To the Duchess of Queensberry, who had invited him to stay at Amesbury, he wrote—

Since Mr. Gay affirms that you love your own way, and since I have the same perfection, I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your Grace shall have your own way in all places, except

your own house and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine.

But this lady generally prevailed. Not only did she carry the House of Lords by force, but she was of such forceful and masculine appearance as to be "called Sir upon the road above twenty times." In reading of her activities, we remember that the Marquess of Queensberry, brother of the *Academy*, applied to a magistrate for leave to shoot motorists at sight.

Mr. George Meredith, though almost daily to be seen in his little donkey-carriage on the roads round about Box Hill, does not disdain the motor-car of his friends when they go down to tempt him to fare forth. Unluckily, the car came too late to offer points to Mr. Meredith's pen, except, perhaps, on one occasion. That was in a famous letter which Mr. Arnold-Forster, being himself something of a literary man, will long remember, for it was addressed to the electors of Croydon. It spoke of Mr. Chamberlain as of a political motor-car, and predicted England's downfall with motor-car speed if she had any serious flirtation with the syren Protection. M.E.



HE KNEW THE MOUTH!

THE FAT SKIPPER: Come an' 'ave a drink, mate.
THE OTHER: I don't mind if I do have a mouthful.
THE FAT ONE: Well, I do. You'll just 'ave a pint, same as me.

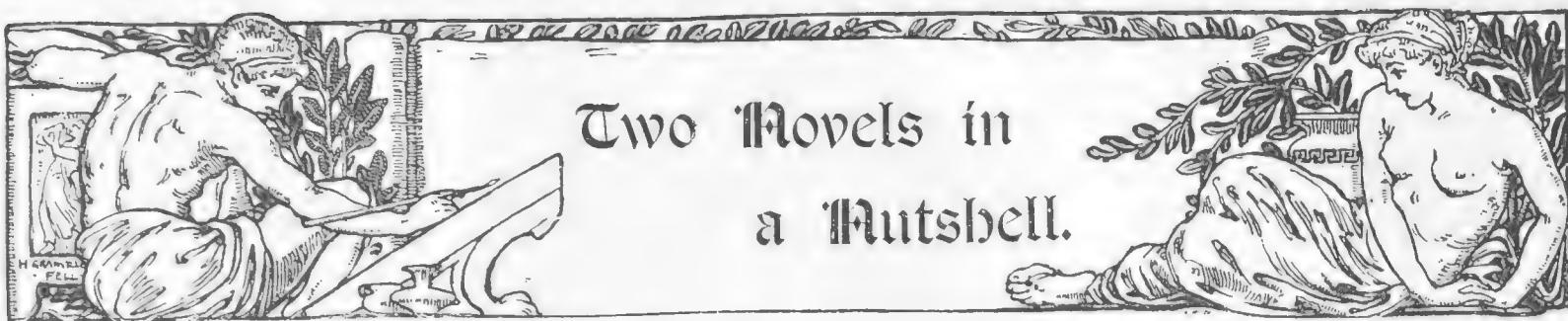
(DRAWN BY CHRIS HEAPS.)

A GROCER ARTICLE.



CAPTIOUS CUSTOMER: I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat, or gristle.
BEWILDERED BUTCHER: Madam, I think you'd better have an egg!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



PRESENCE OF MIND

BY J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

THE curtain had fallen upon the first act, and Mr. Thomas Nash, whose attention had been divided between the stage and the girl who sat next to him, was able to devote all his attention to the latter. That, be it understood, as far as he dared; for she was a complete stranger to him. He could not speak to her, but was forced to content himself with little surreptitious glances aside, each of which gave him some further detail of her profile; her blue eyes, her slightly retroussé nose, her arched lips, and the whiteness of her neck and shoulders. There was a man with her, a man with a brown moustache, which Mr. Nash characterised unjustly as scrubby. But for the girl herself he had nothing but appreciation.

The orchestra were about to commence the entr'acte, when a man in evening dress stepped before the footlights and spoke to the audience in a voice which cracked a little in his effort to suppress anxiety.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I should feel much obliged if you would all leave the theatre at once and quietly. There is no danger, but you must leave at once." He motioned to the leader of the orchestra to play.

Everywhere men and women stood up, quick anxiety in their faces, vague questionings in their eyes. In that moment Mr. Nash looked at his neighbour, and she did not hesitate to speak to him.

"What is it?" she said under her breath. "Fire?"

"I suppose so," he answered nonchalantly, with the wish to pose as a hero in her eyes. "But don't be afraid. There is nothing to fear. I will help you if necessary. I have been in a theatre fire before," he continued, flinging truth to the winds. "The great thing is to keep one's presence of mind."

And then the curtain bulged forward, a vast sheet of flame swept from its under edge, and the man before the footlights threw up his arms and fell writhing before that scorching blast. Mr. Nash forgot his heroism, forgot the girl, forgot everything save the necessity of reaching the doors as soon as possible and at any cost. He turned and fought his way through the crowd, striking men in the face, flinging women on one side, his mind a panic fear. He felt two hands gripping his shoulders, but they scarcely retarded him, and he had more formidable obstacles to contend with. Cursing and thrusting, trampling upon the bodies of those who had fallen, he forced his way through, until at length he met the cool rush of air that was streaming in from the night outside and found himself safe in the crowd on the opposite side of the street, panting and shaken, amazed and horrified at himself.

A sobbing voice near him called him to his senses. He looked round and saw the girl to whom he had spoken, shivering in her evening dress, but too hysterical with grief and fear to notice the cold.

"Oh, thank you!" she cried, "thank you! I should never have got through but for you."

She clung to him, weeping.

"You said you would save me and you did!" she cried. "I don't know what to say. I don't know how to thank you!"

Mr. Nash stared at her a moment, unable to realise the extent of his good fortune. He had fled in panic and had earned the reputation of a hero.

"That gentleman who was with you——?" he queried.

She remembered and cried out afresh.

"My brother!" she cried. "Oh, my brother! He must be in there."

She pointed horror-struck to the blazing theatre.

"Oh, go back for him!" she cried. "Go back and save him! You are brave; and I will thank you and pray for you all the days of my life."

Mr. Nash's heroism received a nasty shock. He looked about him desperately. But once again fortune befriended him, and he saw the very man, though much singed and blackened, coming towards him. The girl flung herself into her brother's arms.

"Thank heaven you are safe!" said the newcomer with emotion.

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "Thank heaven! And thank this gentleman too. He saved me. He got me out of the building."

The young man shook hands with Nash warmly.

"Sir," he said, "we must know more of each other; my sister owes you her life. My father and mother will be anxious to thank you themselves. I was knocked down in the first rush. I believe that my being so saved my life; for I crawled under the

seats and got over into the pit, and so out that way. This is a terrible business. Let us get away at once and find a cab."

They hurried down a side-street, and found a four-wheeler not a hundred yards away. As Mr. Nash sat in the cab opposite to his new-found friends, he became calm enough to realise the extent of his good fortune. The young man introduced himself as William Pearson, a name which Mr. Nash knew well as associated with one of the big industries of the city. He introduced also his sister Lucy, and Mr. Nash responded by giving his name and mentioning modestly the fact that he was a solicitor. They dropped him at his rooms with further thanks, an address, and a warm invitation to call upon the following day.

Next morning Mr. Nash rose buoyant and jubilant. The account of the disaster was in the papers. There had been loss of life, but even that did not damp his spirits for more than a moment. Now and again he recalled with a shudder the panic in which he had fled; but he recalled, too, the hands upon his shoulders, and he knew now to whom they must have belonged—knew also that he was going to see her again, and to hear her thanks once more. All the morning he paid little attention to his business; and he left the office early and spent some time and care over the details of his toilet, in order that he might appear to advantage in her eyes.

The Pearsons lived in a large house in the fashionable quarter of the town. On presenting himself at the door, Mr. Nash was ushered into the drawing-room, which was filled with people, all talking excitedly. It was Mrs. Pearson's "at home" day, and the tragedy of the previous evening had formed an absorbing subject of conversation. He became the centre of attention. Mr. Pearson, a stout man with a grey beard and honest eyes, came forward and shook him warmly by the hand. Mrs. Pearson was voluble and enthusiastic. Lucy, looking pale from the effects of the shock, smiled wanly and made him sit beside her. Her brother recounted his exploit. All the guests poured questions upon him and were eager in their praises. In the midst of this adulation Mr. Nash did his best to bear himself with becoming modesty. In a pause in the buzz of praise, he smiled and spoke.

"I'm really very much obliged to you all," he said; "I don't deserve half the kind things you have said about me. All that was needed was a little presence of mind."

Leaving the house, one of the visitors turned to her sister. "Mark my words, Anne," she said decisively; "that young man will marry Lucy Pearson."

It was a prophecy. Mr. Nash became a frequent and welcome visitor at the Pearsons' house. From the first Lucy threw off all reserve with him. His conduct had, in her eyes, given him the right to a degree of intimacy which would have taken him years of ordinary intercourse to attain to. He came to be looked upon as a close friend of the family; and when the day came when he asked her to marry him, her eyes sparkled with happiness as she accepted. Mr. Pearson made no difficulty.

"I'm not looking for money with my girl," he said heartily. "She has enough for two. I'll see that you are comfortable; and I daresay even a solicitor can find a use for a little extra capital. I'm glad to know that my daughter is passing into the hands of a brave man. That is enough for me."

Mrs. Pearson said much the same, and kissed him.

At the wedding breakfast, Mr. Nash made the customary speech.

"This is an occasion for presence of mind," he remarked humorously. "Of all qualities, it is the most to be desired. I cannot forget that it is to presence of mind that I owe my present happy position." The guests applauded. Lucy understood and looked at him with shining eyes.

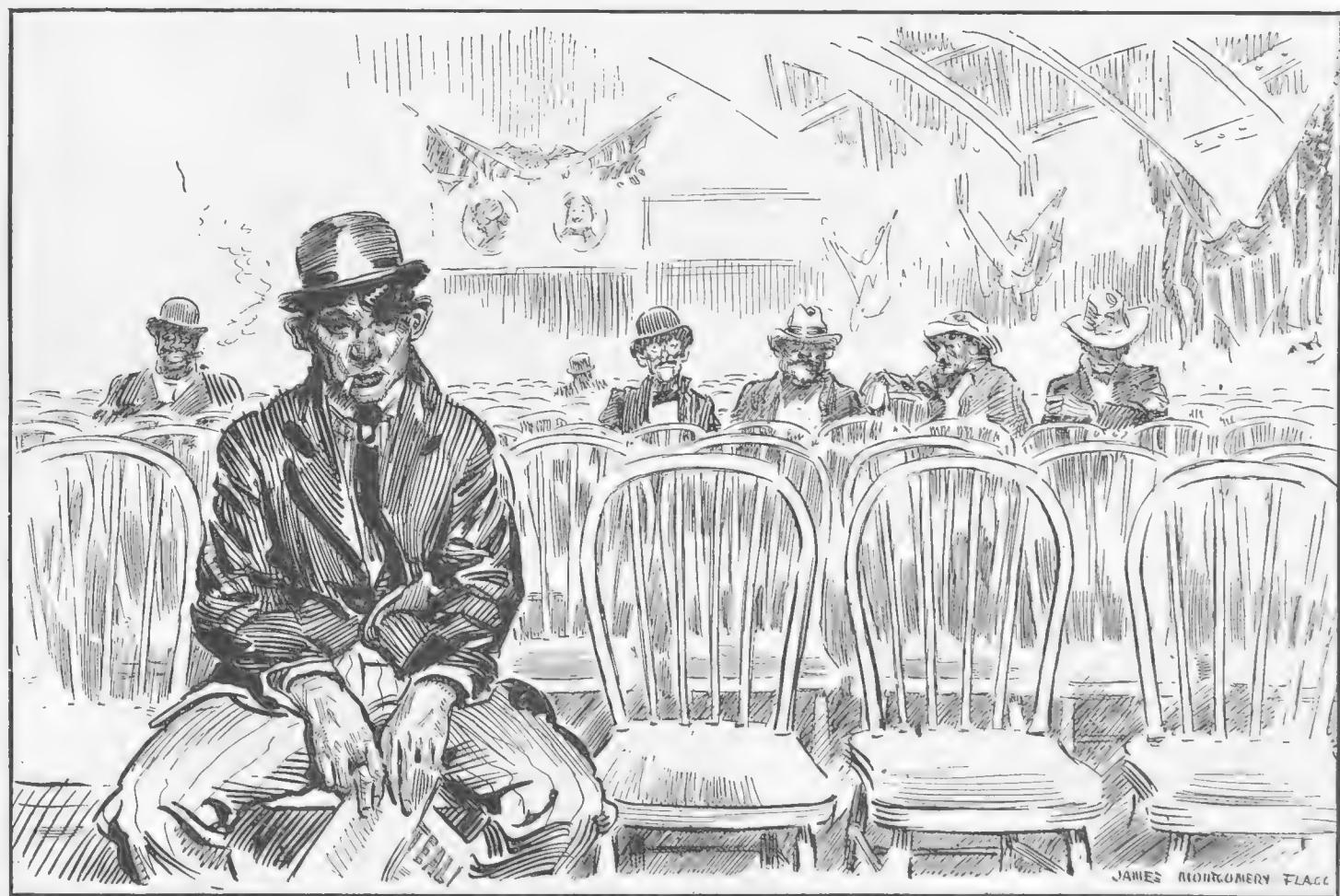
Surely Mr. Nash should be a happy man. He and his young wife are very fond of one another; and he knows that her love is based on respect for his heroic qualities. But there is a fly in the ointment. Deep within him, a still, small voice tells him at times of the panic in which he fled from that theatre; and he knows, though he tries to fight the knowledge, that should similar circumstances occur and should his wife wish to take advantage of his presence of mind, she will have to do so by keeping a tight hand on his shoulders.

THE END.

VERY MUCH TO THE POINT!



THE DAY AFTER THE HONEYMOON: "JOHN'S FRIENDS."



A POLITICAL MEETING: "THIS LARGE AND INTELLIGENT AUDIENCE."

DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

* BY J. SACKVILLE MARTIN AND E. W. MARTIN.

THE old man sat in the bar of the Blue Pigeons with an anxious smile that told of a desire to please born of a sense of inferiority. His clothes were shabby, but not more shabby than those of his companions. His tall hat had once been a more respectable headgear than any that they boasted. But he was conscious of his shabbiness, and they were not. He had known better days, and they had not. Each spot of grease upon his coat, each patch of shiny cloth had their counterparts in his faded soul. Therefore he sat nervously with a smile upon his face, turning his eyes now and again upon Mr. Grimes, the bookmaker—a gross man, enshrined in the seat of honour near the fireplace; a coarse soul, with no ideas beyond the starting-price for the next meeting.

Mr. Grimes complained of a nightmare experienced the previous night. He had, he said, dreamed that his mother-in-law had come to life again, and this though, in his dream, he had reburied her in several different places. He had awakened in a cold perspiration, and he now proclaimed loudly that he didn't see what such silly dreams was sent for. There was a note of challenge in his voice as he looked round the circle, more particularly as his eyes rested upon the old man.

The stranger coughed apologetically.

"I shouldn't say that all dreams were useless," he remarked in a voice that showed some traces of former respectability. "I have had dreams and visions in the night that have in the course of time become the truths of my existence."

The company stared at the speaker. Isaac Harris, a weedy youth with Semitic ear-locks, spoke in tones of awe.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that wot you dreams comes true?"

"I do," replied the old man gently. "They often come true."

Mr. Grimes glared at him with savage scorn.

"Oh, they do, do they?" he sneered, thrusting forward his jaw. "Then if I was you, I'd 'ave a dream of a new top 'at."

The stranger smiled wanly, and brushed the relic with his sleeve.

"As an example," he said, regardless of the gibe, "I had a dream the other night of two old women of the workhouse, standing by a wall not far from here and talking to each other. They were speaking of going back to the 'house,' and were anxious to hide the money they possessed before returning. They hid two sixpences in a cranny in the wall. I marked the very spot. Well, on the following day I found the place I had seen in my dream and the money as well."

"Take it?" asked Isaac with interest.

"My need was greater than theirs," said the old gentleman simply. "They had food in the 'house'; and I had none."

The company gaped in credulous wonder. Only the bookmaker still sneered.

"If them old women 'ad a dream about your taking it," he remarked, "there's trouble ahead for you."

But his companions were in no mood for his ribaldry. One and all, they demanded further experiences.

"If any of you gentlemen would mind filling this mug for me," said the stranger, "I wouldn't mind telling you of a dream I had last night that might be useful to you. It hasn't come true yet, but I know by experience that it is pretty sure to. I've no use for it personally, but it might be worth the price of a pint to some of you."

Ike's hand stole to his pocket.

"He dreamed," said Mr. Grimes, with a hoarse laugh, "that he found a silly juggins to stand him a pint. And it came as true as true!"

For a moment Ike hesitated; but curiosity overcame caution and he paid for the drink. The old man thanked him, and moistened his throat as a preparation for the story.

"I dreamed," he said impressively, "that I was on a racecourse. I am not a racing man and have never been on a course in my life. But I saw big stands looking over an open down. Opposite the stand was an iron erection with the numbers and names of the horses, and the men who were to ride them. Near by was a sort of little sentry-box. There were people everywhere—nigger minstrels, a fellow on stilts, and a man crying out that he would sell the names of the coming winners for a remarkably moderate sum. I saw it all clearly."

"That," said Tom Sullivan, a beery-looking sharp, "sounds all right. You didn't dream the winner, did you?"

"Pray allow me," said the stranger, waving a deprecating hand. "In due course the horses came out. The race was run. I saw the winner quite plainly, and marked his number. I have only a shilling left in the world, but I am willing to back my dream."

"And what was the name of the 'orse?" asked Ike. His manner was eager and his voice husky.

The old gentleman eyed him calmly and finished his drink.

"That," he said, "can be obtained at the trifling price of a little more refreshment."

Ike began to protest, but Sullivan shut him up.

"Give 'im 'is beer, Miss," he said. "Now then, old 'un, 'urry up."

"The race," said the stranger gently, when he had received his second mug of beer, "was the Derby, the horse was Number 13, and the colours were black and yellow stripes."

"Wot were second?" asked Ike, feeling that two mugs of beer deserved two chances.

For a moment the old man's face was devoid of expression, and he seemed at a loss. He glanced at the bookmaker, but read no comfort in his unbelieving sneer. Then he recovered himself.

"I was looking at the winner, and the rest came in a bunch," he said. "I didn't see the second."

"Well, perish me pink!" said Mr. Grimes with a laugh. "Are you going to tell us you've seen to-morrow's Derby?"

"I am anxious to place a shilling on Number 13," said the old man nervously. "I have the coin with me if you wish to lay the odds."

"Right you are," said Mr. Grimes promptly. "Old man lays a bob on Rightaway. Starts sixty to one. Any other mug want a flutter? 'Ere y're—sixty to one, Rightaway. Who'll back the vision?"

"I will, for one," said Sullivan, pulling out his half-crown. "My mother 'ad second-sight, and I'll not go back on her, 'Ere you are."

He handed over the coin. Isaac followed, and soon the bookie was busy taking money from all, and entering the bets in a greasy note-book. Closing time arrived, and the company broke up in high good-humour. They would have been less cheerful had they seen the dreamer of dreams conversing in low tones with Mr. Grimes in a deserted side-street a quarter of an hour later.

"Could you oblige me by making it five shillings?" asked the seer. "I'm rather in difficulties, and you cleared a good deal."

"You'll get four bob, as I promised, and no more," answered Mr. Grimes. "And if you'll take my advice, you'll keep clear of the Blue Pigeons for a bit. They'll just about kill you when they find that the bloomin' horse isn't in it."

"I suppose it has no chance?" asked the stranger pathetically, thinking of the shilling that had been given him to invest.

Mr. Grimes chuckled.

"No more chance than you would have yourself," he answered heartily. "They wouldn't 'ave Rightaway on a sausage-boat. It's the beer you've 'ad as makes you think of such a thing. You go home and sleep it off."

With which piece of friendly advice he turned away.

Mr. Grimes' anticipations were so far justified that on the following night there was something of the nature of a riot in the bar of the Blue Pigeons. But it was an entirely good-humoured one, and this he had not expected. The elderly stranger, supplied with as many pints as he cared to ask for, was the admired centre of a circle scarcely less intoxicated than himself. Men laughed and shouted and clapped him on the back, and even kissed him. A stranger entering the bar asked Isaac the reason.

"Wot's it about?" asked Isaac with fearsome joy. "It's about the Derby."

"What about the Derby?" asked the surprised seeker after knowledge. "That ain't much to get blind about—a blooming outsider like that."

"Perhaps not, if you ain't backed 'im," retorted Isaac gleefully, "but every one of us 'ere were on. Yonder old chap in the tall 'at dreamed as it were going to win. We got our money on at once, and 'e did us proud."

"Well, if that don't lick all!" muttered the enlightened one feebly. "Who is 'e? Old Moore?"

"Old Moore!" said the delighted Isaac, with immense scorn. "'E's worth twenty Old Moores!"

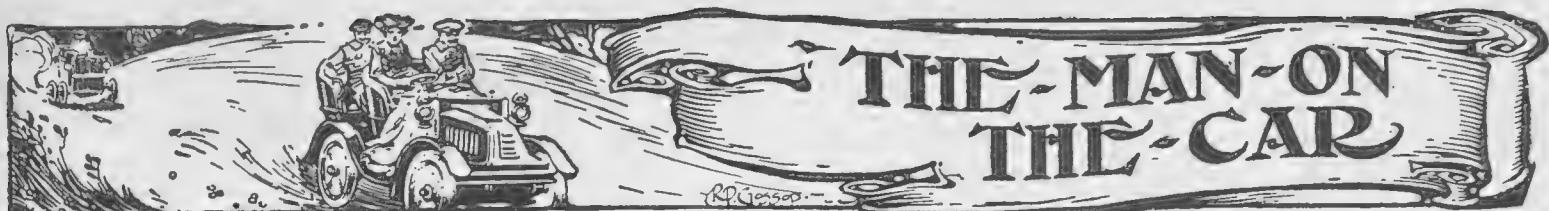
He jingled the gold in his pocket and turned once more to the object of his admiration.

Outside in the quiet street, Mr. Grimes waited in the dark. He waited for the man of visions. There was no thought of justice in his heart, but merely a determination to "get his own back" one way or another. Closing time came, but not the old man; for the dreamer of dreams was borne upon an ambulance to the nearest police-station. Speech had left him. But who shall say what wondrous visions came to him in his stertorous sleep as he tossed uneasily on his plank bed?

THE END.

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THE IRISH RELIABILITY TRIAL AND THE IRISH ROADS: A REGRETTABLE ACCIDENT—BODY DESIGN AND DIMENSIONS—THE DUST AND MUD NUISANCE: NO PROGRESS—WATER IN PETROL AND PETROL-TANKS: A REPREHENSIBLE PRACTICE.

I WRITE before the final results are to hand, but all who participated in the recently completed Reliability Trial promoted by the Irish Automobile Club are loud in their praises of the welcome they received and the smoothness and celerity with which everything passed off. Our friends on the other side of St. George's Channel are freer from bands of red tape than are some on this side, or are more tactful in settling any little points of difference that may arise. I must not for a moment be understood to suggest that they in any wise strain the rules or enlarge the conditions to cover infractions—far from it; but when rules have to be enforced, they have just a "way wid 'em" that divests an adverse ruling of all its sting and disappointment. Those who have been through the trials—from Dublin to Cork and Killarney, to Dublin and Belfast and back again—tell me that the Irish roads as sampled by them are not nearly so bad as they have been painted, and that, with the great all-round improvement in the hotels, Ireland offers an excellent opportunity to the motorist on the look-out for fresh fields to tour. And be it noted, there police-persecution is as yet unknown.

It is to be regretted that the second day's run from Cork to Killarney was marred by an accident which, though it might have been worse, was, after all, sufficiently serious. In taking a hairpin bend on a steeply descending road, one of the privately entered cars, a 48-h.p. Daimler, driven by its owner, Mr. T. L. Plunkett, skidded so badly on the corner, which sloped outwards, that the wheel collapsed, and the car turned over, throwing all her passengers out upon the turf. The pair in the back of the car were ladies, and were mercifully thrown quite clear, so that they escaped with a shaking, but the owner was rather hurt; and the observer, Mr. J. E. St. George, a prominent member of the I.A.C., and private secretary to the officer commanding the Royal Irish Constabulary, was struck by the car as he lay upon the ground, and sustained dislocation of the hip. The injured man is, however, progressing satisfactorily.

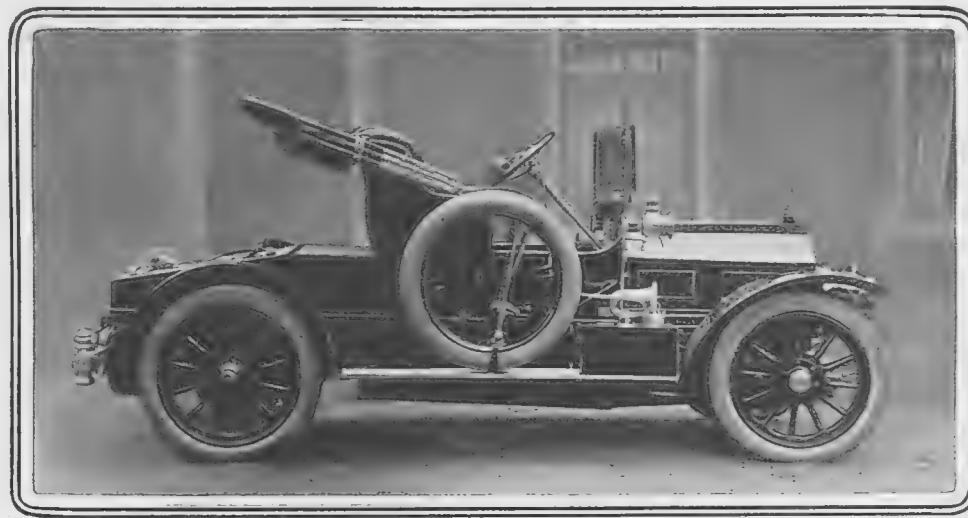
Few motorists give sufficient consideration to the dimensions of the bodies they may order for any special chassis. Of course they are more or less bound by the length behind the dashboard when dealing with the usual type of car—that is, when the engine is of the vertical type and set forward of the dashboard; but most satisfactory results can be obtained if the dimensions of the body itself are carefully considered and acted upon. Nine out of ten of the ordinary coach-builders turned motor-body builders will cramp the driver and the front seat,

will boom the back seat right out over the back axle, and leave a huge, cold, whirlwind-creating waste in the back of the car. Again, both seats are generally kept too high, the rear one particularly so, while the side doors to both the back and front of the car are kept much too low. The accommodation for the knees of the front and back passengers should be made quite well-like by the height of both sets of side doors. Then both seats, or rather the cushions to both seats, should be stuffed so as to incline backwards, so as to set the passenger well into the back of the seat, making any pressure with the feet unnecessary. Sloped footboards should be fitted in both cases, and provision made for the carriage of all luggage outside the body. But to this feature I will return anon.

The dust nuisance is admitted to be the feature which raises more enemies to motoring than any other. If a car could pass foot-passengers and others at high speed without scatter-

ing mud or raising dust there would not be so much objection on the ground of speed alone. Speed is a matter of habit, but nothing will ever reconcile or accustom people to being smothered with mud or choked with dust. And yet, with effects so obvious, little or no effort is made by the makers to reduce either nuisance. The arrest of the mud-flight is not difficult—it has been done already in connection with some Parisian motor-buses; but the dust evil is a more serious problem. Nevertheless, efforts should be made to tackle it, and that immediately. Up to the present moment, however, I cannot learn that any single manufacturer has attempted to design an underframe by the light of the R.A.C. Dust Trials. These, when held at Brooklands, showed that there was little or nothing to choose between cars, except, perhaps, the White Steam Car, which raised less dust because it was higher off the ground and had a cleaner run than most of the vehicles.

It is just a question whether, in replenishing a petrol-tank from the usual two-gallon cans, the spirit should not be filtered through very fine linen as well as gauze, for the purpose of excluding water with certainty. I do not for a moment suggest that the petrol-purveyors emulate a dishonest milkman, and seek to add to their profits in this



A NEW TWO-SEATED 20-H.P. ARIEL.

The new Ariel car here illustrated has been purchased by Mr. Robert L. Watson.



FROM THE EMPIRE: MR. FRED FARREN, THE FAMOUS DANCER, ON HIS VINOT.

Photograph by Goldsmith and Co.

way. The trouble comes about by reason of the fact that motorists who suffer from leaky radiators carry an additional supply of the cooling fluid in the two-gallon cans which should alone be devoted to the several essences of Shell, Carburine, Pratt's, etc. Now I greatly fear that these cans are not sufficiently drained at times before being refilled with spirit, and that which should only go to the radiator passes into the petrol-tank, with direful results,

KEY-NOTES



MR. NEIL FORSYTH, who was responsible for the decoration of Covent Garden on the occasion of the gala performance last Wednesday, has had considerable experience of great occasions, for as he was in charge when M. Loubet, the King of Spain, and the King and Queen of Denmark visited the Opera in State, last week's performance gave him his fourth opportunity. Roses were chosen for the decorations, and were seen throughout the house, although the six centre boxes on the grand tier that were made into the royal box, and were trimmed

with crimson plush and gold, were hung with festoons of orchids. On the occasion of a gala performance, when the most notable representatives of two great countries are gathered together in a scene under conditions that are almost Oriental in their splendour, the music must go for very little; after all, it does little more than justify the gathering. In honour of M. Fallières, the directors had selected the work of French composers, and we heard an act

Verdi's splendid opera is not likely to lose its hold upon Covent Garden, for it provides opportunities for the stage-manager and the ballet-master as well as the singers, and has, perhaps, a greater spectacular quality than any other opera in the repertory of the house. The whole performance reached and maintained a high level, and left one with the impression that Covent Garden was seen at its very best.

Herr Nikisch must be well satisfied with the public response to his remarkable gifts as a conductor, and all concert-goers must hope that he will in the future devote a part of his time to London. Clearly, he finds in the London Symphony Orchestra an organisation responsive to his every mood—indeed, he has expressed his admiration for it in the strongest terms. He has given us some really remarkable concerts—happily, there are more to come before he returns to Germany—and his readings, though they are not always orthodox, though they do not always regard the conventions, are full of interest. He must be a bold man, too, who will venture lightly to criticise a reading that

Nikisch has thought out and adopted after due consideration. In

the beginning of last week he presided over a Tchaikovsky concert,

in which the almost too familiar "Pathétique" Symphony received a

fresh lease of life, and some of us

made the acquaintance of Mme.

Olga Samaroff, a pianist of con-

siderable attainment, the full range

of whose gifts could hardly be

gauged at a first hearing. Even

Nikisch cannot save us from the

impression that Tchaikovsky had

a morbid, if not a degenerate,

mind; but there is often much

beauty in decay, and the Russian

composer may well have found

solace in his most pessimistic

moods by writing the music that

holds us to-day, in spite of the

hopelessness of its message.

Mr. Leopold von Auer, who came over to conduct the London Symphony Orchestra when his pupil, Miss Kathleen Parlow, gave her second recital, is one of the great men of music. Not only has he achieved renown as a violinist, but he was conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts in St. Petersburg for fifteen years. In addition to this record, Professor Auer may claim to have done for violinists what Leschetizky has done for pianists. Very many of his pupils have achieved distinction, and in addition to Miss Parlow, who has already made a very pleasant impression upon London audiences after a successful Continental tour, Mischa Elman and Efrem Zimbalist must be numbered among those who call him master.

COMMON CHORD.



DUETTISTS WHO HAVE MET WITH MUCH SUCCESS:
THE MISSES SASSARD.

The Misses Sassard gave a very successful concert the other day at the Aeolian Hall. Their rendering of some of the charming duets of Schumann was particularly appreciated. [Photograph by Gessford.]

from Bizet's "Pearl Fishers" and an act from Gounod's "Faust," both given in Italian by the finest artists in the service of the house, Mesdames Tetrazzini and Melba being heard to great advantage. Gala night stands out less as a function of musical importance than as a link in the great social chain that unites England and France; but if the Entente should lead to a revival of interest in French music, if it should persuade the directors to remember that there are brilliant composers who are neither German nor Italian, there will be some cause for rejoicing in musical circles. French opera has been strangely neglected at Covent Garden for some years past.

Of all the artists who come to London in the season none is more welcome than Mlle. Destinn, for all who know her work are well aware that, whatever the part entrusted to her, she will do everything with it that is humanly possible. Under her control good rôles become better than ever, and bad ones lose no small part of their faults. Her voice, of exquisite quality, has a certain tone of its own that seems to add a measure of piquancy to it; her acting, always distinguished, becomes better and better as the seasons pass, and she has a power, much more easy to appreciate than to define, of holding the sympathy of her audience. All her qualities were displayed on the occasion of her first appearance this season, when "Aïda" was mounted.



SINGING WHILE HE IS NOT SINGING: SIGNOR CARUSO LISTENING TO A GRAMOPHONE RECORD OF HIMSELF SINGING HIS OWN COMPOSITION, "VALSE LENTE."

It was arranged that Signor Caruso should sing at the League of Mercy Concert at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday. As we have noted, the "Valse lente," to the Gramophone rendering of which he is seen listening in our photograph, is by himself.



A GERMAN SOPRANO WHO HAS CONQUERED LONDON: MISS ELENA GERHARDT.

Miss Gerhardt, whose recent recitals have aroused so much interest, was born at Leipzig in November of 1883, and began her studies at the Royal Conservatoire there when she was sixteen. She gave her first recital on her twentieth birthday, at Leipzig, with Professor Arthur Nikisch at the piano.

Photograph by M. Shadwell Clarke.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

An Alarming Revolution in Manners.

to a social revolution. Was this exchange of chaste salutes the beginning of a *dégringolade* in national manners? Shall we in

When Mme. Patti and Lady Bancroft publicly kissed Mr. William Ganz at the Queen's Hall the other day, they perhaps hardly realised the alarming nature of what amounts

future see the same spectacles in our austere island as marked the return of Lieutenant Hobson to the United States after his exploits in the Cuban War? Are our racial pride, our boasted reserve, our unassailable dignity to go by the board, and will Britons wear their hearts on their sleeves for daws to peck at and submit to the public embraces of strange and enthusiastic females? Hitherto, we have thought that to be kissed in public, and on both cheeks, was one of those untoward happenings to which royalty alone is subject; but if this proceeding is

tenderest years we may yet save the capital of the Empire from being disgraced by the ugliest *patois* in the world. In its extreme hideousness, it is the work of the last two decades, and, moreover, though Londoners have dropped their aspirates for probably a hundred years, they did not do so in the times of Shakespeare, nor, indeed, in the times of Fielding. The Cockney accent and mispronunciation of certain syllables change with every generation. Mr. Samuel Weller uttered all his "w's" as if they were "v's," while Mrs. Gamp's immortal phrase on the subject of conviviality contains the word "dispoged." These flowers of London speech have gone beyond recall, but others, less humorous and less comprehensible, have taken their place. If the scheme of campaign works successfully, our future housemaids, our policemen, our cooks, our candle stick-makers will speak an English pure and undefiled.

To "Épater le Bourgeois." If we would like to indulge in that eminently Parisian amusement which is known as to *épater le bourgeois*, we must show our French visitors all over our homes, and in particular the night and day nurseries of young—but no longer perfidious—Albion. The servants' hall, the pantries, and the bed-rooms of the domestics in a well-ordered British establishment are also likely to fill them with wonder and awe, for French servants are by no means spoiled in the way of comfortable accommodation in either their sleeping or their waking hours. Both Miss Betham-Edwards and "Pierre de Coulevain" are unanimous on this point. Moreover, the average French visitor to London would rather come and dine in an English *home* (though he would probably think the dinner execrable) than see all the State coaches in Buckingham Palace or all the masterpieces in the Tate Gallery. The average Gaul knows so little about us that our manners and customs, our houses and our meals, are as strange and as interesting as those of a Chinaman or a Hindu.

In the interests of the Entente, we ought one and all to go out and capture a Frenchman or a French-woman, and show him that frank and unassuming hospitality which is one of the Briton's most engaging traits. With all their charm, their vivacity, and their *savoir vivre*, the French are not hospitable as we understand the word, and a Parisian would have to owe you a large debt of gratitude before he went so far as to ask you to dinner.



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A DAINTY HAT FOR A DAINTY WEARER.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

to become a precedent, the lives of celebrities—even of minor ones—will be full of perilous surprises. There is no doubt that with the increasing wear and tear of modern life, the English are rapidly becoming well-nigh as highly strung as the Americans. We run after strange gods and copy exotic peoples nowadays, and it may be that the vehement love-making of the Sicilian actors has left more than a passing impression on the stolid and inarticulate islander.

Woman and Her Debts.

Persons liable to bankruptcy are usually a casual and light-hearted folk, and up to now many of them have successfully evaded their financial responsibilities by settling a fortune on their wives just before the impending catastrophe, or if of the feminine gender, they have used the Married Women's Property Act as a means of getting out of paying their debts. In future, the over-dressed woman who never pays for her dresses will have to reconsider the position, and the multitudinous married women who trade will be as within reach of the bankruptcy laws as spinsters or widows. There are hosts of people in Society to whom duns seem an inevitable part of existence, but to whom, however, they pay no more attention than the summer flies on the breakfast-table. For some occult reason Woman has always been subject to the illusion that she could beautify herself at someone else's expense, and put off the day of reckoning to the Greek Kalends. And she has exalted authority for this belief. Sir William Treloar announced the other day that one fifth of the money owed to a famous dressmaker in London and Paris was due from the various royal families of Europe. Small wonder that the satellites of these resplendent planets continue to dazzle in brave attire and to omit to pay the bill. But Woman has so long been treated as an irresponsible creature that one ought not to be surprised if, like Ibsen's Nora, she sometimes have the haziest notion of financial matters.

Londoners and Their Accent.

It was high time that someone in authority set about mending the accent of the London child, and the Pure Speech Campaign is one deserving of the help of every available combatant. The grown-up citizen is now beyond hope, but by catching the children in their



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A WALKING-DRESS OF THE MOMENT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

IT wasn't the easiest thing in the world to get about town last week. A great many of my sex who had set their hearts on seeing the President were foiled by the arrangements to do him honour. Traffic was stopped in all sorts of unexpected places—women bent on an outing don't give the morning papers that intelligent attention which they sometimes deserve—and blocks were irritating and unsavoury. The impatient horse never could make himself so disagreeable as the impatient motor! However, these were minor ills; the Presidential visit was greatly enjoyed.

Several Directoire dresses were worn at the Court Ball with great success. They secured the length of line from bust to hem and a certain silhouette effect, but they were easy and graceful, and as they were upheld for dancing, dainty lace frilled underskirts were seen. The style is in itself excellent, and, as I wrote at the beginning of the year, it will influence our dress very materially for a long time to come. The grotesque exaggeration of the belles of the Empire was a reaction from a widely differing type of dress and wearer. Nothing of this kind touches us.

After the royal arrivals at the Opera on Command night last week the sensation was undoubtedly the coming of the Dewan of Nepal. Previous to his entering, a number of the men of his retinue formed up in the vestibule—about eighteen of them. Eight at least wore turban-shaped caps embroidered all over with pearls, having great clasps of diamonds in front, and out of the centre of the top swept long, deep, cream-coloured paradise-birds' plumes falling to between their shoulders at the back. They wore scarlet tunics and black trousers with gold stripes. Then entered the Dewan, himself similarly attired, only much more so as regarded jewels; his head-dress was ablaze with jewels, diamonds principally, and his paradise-plume was longer and richer. He was received by the Lord Chamberlain, and as he walked up the grand stairway alone, his suite in pairs behind him, the picture was really remarkable. How those stallholders who were behind a contingent of the Dewan's retinue, who sat in the front of the left corner of the stalls, felt about the paradise-plumes is another matter. The head-dresses were not removed even for the National Anthem, and the worst kind of matinée-hat was as nothing compared with them. The ruler himself occupied a box.

It was surprising how, in a house so brilliantly filled, so flashing with jewels, bright with colour, rich with scarlet, blue, and gold, and beautiful with flowers, one figure stood out. It was the Queen's. Right in the centre of the royal box, she was dressed in black, on which were quantities of raised bright silver embroideries, the blue ribbon of the Garter across her breast, her tiara, neck, and dress-front ablaze with diamonds. Her Majesty looked queenly to the last degree. At one side of her was the President, in ordinary evening-dress, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour

across his breast—a simple figure in so brilliant an assemblage; at the other, the King in uniform.

An event of the season was the dinner and ball on Monday night given by Lord and Lady Londesborough in honour of the début of their only daughter, Lady Irene Denison, who is almost as tall as her splendid mother, and has blue eyes, a charming complexion, and is a delightful example of a very pretty, high-bred English girl. Lady Londesborough is a handsome blonde, a head and shoulders over most women in height, and with a face full of fascination. As Catherine of Russia at the Duchess of Devonshire's memorable Jubilee costume-ball she made one of the picturesque sensations of the evening. She was Lady Raincliffe then, and as Lady Raincliffe, was a favourite hostess of the Prince of Wales, now the King, who, with the Queen, honoured her dinner and dance by being present on Monday night.

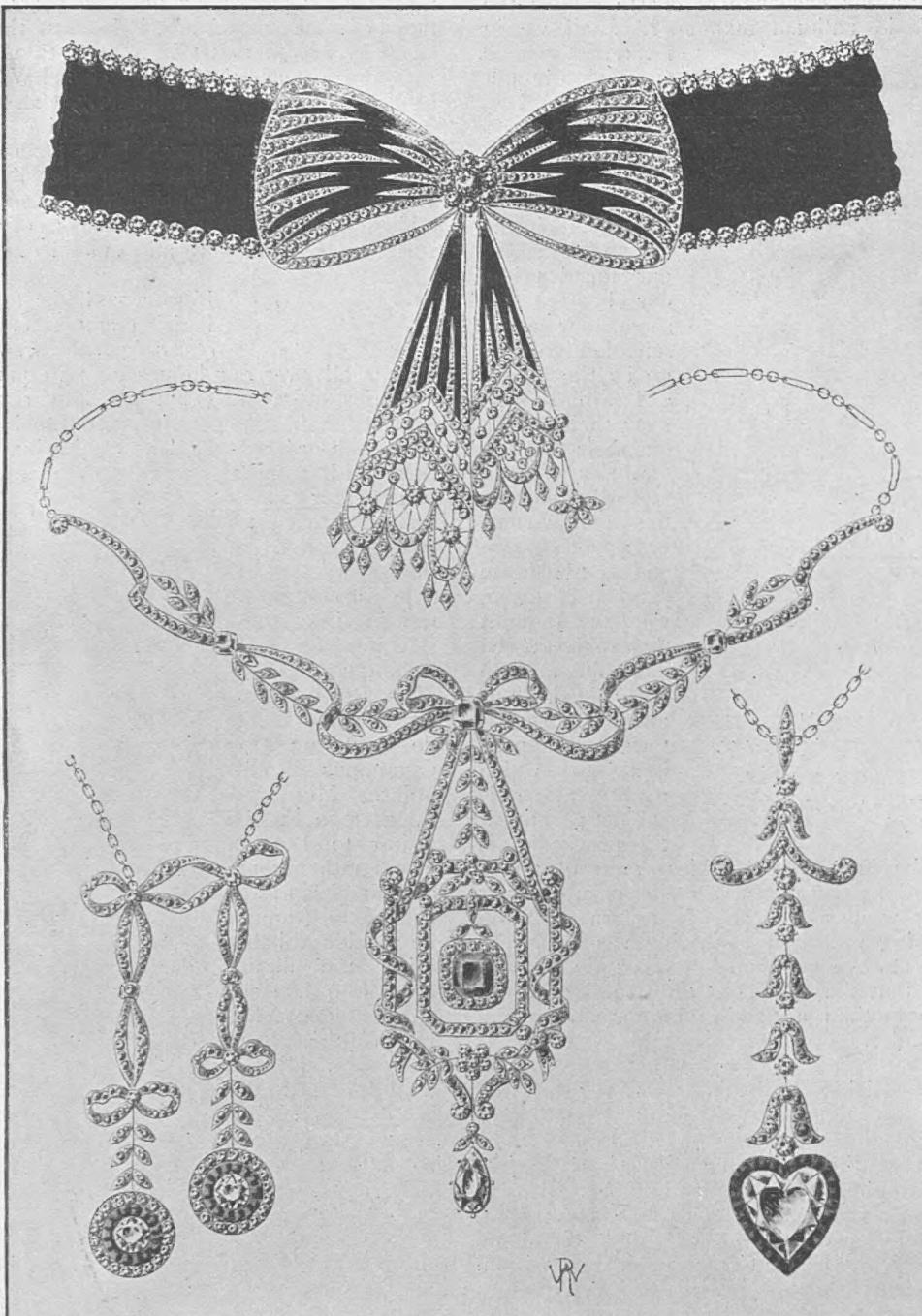
It was late this season ere women consented to part with their furs. They are now expressing a vote of confidence in the dispenser of temperature by sending them to Martin Kosminski, 50, Berners Street, for cold-storage during the summer. This is a wise proceeding, for the chambers of this up-to-date furrier are fitted with the most scientific appliances for securing the well-being of costly fur. Still wiser are they who take advantage of low summer prices to have their furs repaired and altered. There need be no fear that the fur garment will not be smart. A really practical furrier such as Martin Kosminski makes it his business to know just what is going to be worn.

The lover of recipes has a chance of making fifty pounds. The Lemco Company offer this sum as a first prize, and over two hundred cash prizes, for the best lists of the different ways in which Lemco is found useful. Each competitor simply makes out a list, and sends it with a Lemco buff wrapper to the Company at 4, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C. The competition closes on June 15. It is a charming one to all who love cookery, and most women enjoy poring over recipes, and giving themselves, in consequence, good appetites.

Bright things have an extraordinary fascination, bright floors

are a charm. When they are in so old and picturesque an interior as that of York House they are specially attractive. The Office of Works directed Ronuk, Limited, to polish them especially for the visit of the President, and they shone and shone again. Ronuks are Royal Warrant holders.

There is such a lot to do and to see at the great Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush that season ticket-holders are congratulating themselves. A visit to be repeated many times is to the Hindu and Cingalese Temples, erected after original models by Messrs. Lipton, Limited, at a cost of £10,000. The attendants, brought over by this celebrated firm at a cost of £50 a man, have their food prepared and their accommodation provided according to the most rigid caste principles. Three hundred people can have tea in these wonderful temples, and the charge is the usual one of one shilling, so that they are sure to be a centre of attraction during the Exhibition.



BEAUTIFUL JEWELS SHOWN AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION
BY THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS.

One of the most beautiful and artistic shows of jewels at manufacturers' prices is to be seen at the exhibit of the Association of Diamond Merchants (of 6, Grand Hotel Buildings), in the Franco-British Exhibition, Building No. 23. We illustrate four pieces only out of their hundreds of beautiful registered patterns. The one in the centre is composed of the finest emeralds and diamonds, and is priced at £275. The beautiful diamond-and-enamel bow at the top is priced at 275 guineas; the double-drop necklace, composed of diamonds and cut rubies, is only £105; and the drop diamond necklace with the heart opal centre, set round with cut rubies, is £75.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 10.

AS we anticipated, the Bank Rate has been lowered, and the effect has been greatly to encourage the Stock Exchange.

The monetary position is certainly satisfactory, and a reasonable spell of cheap money appears assured, unless some unexpected thunderbolt is shot from a seemingly unclouded sky. Perhaps, however, it is not quite correct to call it an "unclouded sky," at least so far as our Home securities are concerned, for in many directions, such as in connection with our great railways, the rapacity of the "have nots," the talk of labour troubles, of "nationalisation of the means of transport," and suchlike fashionable jargon, still cause the investor to look for bargains outside the Home Market. Probably in the United States, the Argentine, and many other places the danger is just as pressing—perhaps more so—but it is not brought home to the investor in the same way, and "what the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve for."

AN ATTRACTIVE INVESTMENT.

With the gradual recovery in markets, due to cheap money and returning confidence, the number of bargains to be picked up is naturally diminishing, but there are still some stocks which can be bought at prices below their intrinsic merits, and below the level they had reached in previous years. I should like to draw your readers' attention to one such stock to-day—namely, the 5 per cent. Debentures of the Cordoba Central Buenos Ayres Extension Railway, now quoted at 88-90, at which price they return over £5½ per cent. £2,000,000 of these Debentures were issued at par in 1905, part of a total authorised amount of £3,500,000, and the object of the Company is to construct and work a railway about 187 miles in length, to connect the Cordoba and Rosario Railway with Buenos Ayres. The Cordoba Central Railway Company, who own the whole of the share-capital, have undertaken to operate the railway as from time to time constructed until Oct. 15, 1912, and guarantee the payment of the interest on the Company's Debentures to the same date. It should be further noted that the Debentures are entitled, from the date of the termination of the Cordoba Central's guarantee, to two-thirds of any surplus profit after the payment in any year of 5 per cent. on the Ordinary share-capital. As to the present condition and prospects of the Railway, I cannot do better than quote from the speech of Mr. Hoghton, the Managing Director of the Cordoba Central Railway, at the meeting of the latter Company on Feb. 26 last: "The continuance of our system into Buenos Ayres will change the Cordoba Central and the Cordoba and Rosario from provincial lines into important trunk lines, and should gradually bring a very large increase of traffic after the extension line is open throughout. The works of that line are progressing, and the Rosario end is already opened to local traffic. We are confident we shall complete our works contract with a good margin of profit in hand, and Mr. Munro has lately told us again that the Extension Debentures, the interest on which we guarantee until 1912, are a safe investment, as the line will more than fulfil his estimates. It is a splendid track, and nothing is being spared to place this line in a position to deal with the large traffic it will have to carry, and as to which everyone I met in Buenos Ayres spoke with absolute confidence." These Debentures touched 99½ last year, and 102½ in 1906, and form a very attractive investment at the present low price.

Q.

FOREIGN GOVERNMENT BONDS.

To obtain 5 per cent. without much risk is seldom very easy, especially in days when the Bank Rate stands at 2½ per cent., and the ever-increasing popularity of the market for foreign government bonds is not difficult to explain. Even Japanese loans are creeping back into favour once more, and the rise in Russian bonds is continued with a pertinacity somewhat remarkable. It seems to us that Russians are now near the top, and might well be sold by those who have good profits, which many can secure who were shrewd enough to pick up the bonds when the price was fifteen points lower. The new Chinese Railways Loan, issued the other day at 99, is cheap, if the bonds can be obtained at 100, the security being excellent, and a rise of several points practically assured. More speculative are the Peruvian Corporation 6 per cent. Debentures—which we venture to include under our heading—and 98 does not look a high price to pay for them. Yet more of a speculation are the 6 per cent. bonds of the Salvador Government, which can be bought at about 8½ discount, equivalent to 77½, for special settlement. According to the prospectus, the interest service is well covered; but naturally the bonds are a frank speculation. While for an out-and-out gamble, commend us to the Honduras Government issue, at about 9 for the £100 bond. One of these days the United States Government will have something to say to these little Republics, and we fancy that the result of these representations will be worth waiting for.

KAFFIRS ASCENDANT.

Every British broker is assailed by dealers in the Kaffir Market with demands to know whether he finds his clients are "coming in." That houses with Continental connections are getting a good many buying orders is a matter of common knowledge, but about such foreign business there always hangs an atmosphere of some suspicion; it may be genuine, or it may not, and how to decide is a matter of much difficulty. With the British business, however, it is a different thing. The broker who deals for home clients is the man most able to tell how far the public have already come into the market, and our own experience goes to show that while people are certainly taking more interest in Kaffirs, the outside support hitherto afforded is ridiculously small as compared with the rise in prices which has taken place within the last month. Nevertheless, it is something out of the common to hear, from good sources, that the public are taking a hand in the market, and if the big houses can refrain from selling and making fresh capital issues, prices may continue to improve until the coming batch of "fat" dividends is duly announced, and the effect found to be thoroughly well discounted in advance.

IGNORING AMERICANS.

We were told by a dealer in the American market the other day that he saw no hope of activity in his department if the Kaffir Market were in for a good run. It is noticeable how speculative interest on this side of the Atlantic has transferred its attentions to Kaffirs, and how Americans are being neglected in favour of the South African gambles. Mr. Harriman has ceased to be a *deus ex machina*, and only a few people care twopence what the terms of the Union Pacific issue (if any) are likely to be. This waning of interest is reflected in the dealings in Wall Street, where the number of shares which change hands daily is distinctly on the down grade. What the effect upon prices is likely to be can only be guessed, but past experience teaches how a market sags when the strength given by public support is withdrawn. The "crack" in Yankees may yet be some way off. Manipulators control the market and have the position securely under their thumb. The statistics of United States trade, published the other day in the *Times*, are not encouraging. So much, however, depends upon the coming harvest that it is out of the question for anyone to dogmatise about Yankees. There is the National Convention in July which has to be taken into account, besides the crop, and the various side issues, such as the course of copper, so that altogether the prophet who wants to commit himself about Americans may just as well spin a coin and abide by the result as attempt to work out elaborate calculations and other guesses upon the foundation of data known or unknown.

MISCELLANIES.

So people were disappointed with the Lyons dividend. Not unnaturally. But the shares pay nearly 6 per cent. on the money at the present price; if they fall to 6, or its ex-dividend equivalent, they will be worth buying.

* * * * *
London General Omnibus stock has risen about fifteen points within the last week. And Road Car shares have gained 15s., Vive le Franco-British Exposition!

* * * * *
For a quiet, steady Industrial, paying nearly 5 per cent. on the money, why not Lipton Preference? Dividends due in March and September.

* * * * *
Some scheme is in the air, it is said, for linking the fortunes of the General Motor Cab with those of the United Motor Cab Companies. We have heard the rumour only—no details.

* * * * *
"Best bear in the market," was the description we heard applied to Anglo "A" in the Stock Exchange one day this week.

* * * * *
"To par," we should say, if anyone asked what we thought Hudson's Bays would rise to. Par meaning £100, naturally. Bays are a good market.

* * * * *
The meeting of our old favourite, the Sanitas Company, was held the other day, and the shareholders must have been satisfied with the result of the year's working and the chairman's statement as to the prospects. The shares are still a good and sound Industrial investment, yielding over 6 per cent.

Saturday, May 30, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. The Correspondence Rules have been unavoidably crowded out this week, but will appear in our next issue.

EBOR.—The name of the brokers we have sent you; but if you want premium bonds you could not do better than deal through N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street.

E. C. W.—The best thing you can do is to take the syndicate's offer for the shares.

A REGULAR READER.—We see you have imbibed the ideas of a well-known bucket shop as to spreading your investments over all the world. We suggest that you buy one of the Chinese loans or the railway bonds just issued, also Cuba Gold Bonds and Central London Railway Ordinary stock. We do not like the Shipping Preference you name—the bucket shops are too pressing with them.

PRESCIENCE.—We know no especial reason for the Guarantee Company's shares falling, but all shares with a liability are very much disliked just at present, and it is supposed that some of their hotel and brewery debenture guarantees may come home to roost. The management is also thought to be too much in one family.

SINDBAD.—(1) We should clear them. (2) The Tea shares do not inspire us with a desire to possess them; it was a good business, but the directors have made a great mess of it. (3) The Railway Deferred are, we think, likely to improve. (4) Hold the Canadian Pacific. (5) Probably B.A. and Rosario Ordinary stock would suit you; or see Q's note. It is not a bad time to buy United of Havana Railway Ordinary if you will take some risks for the chance of a good profit.

H. H. P.—See this week's Notes. The market is in the hands of the professionals, and it is a gamble. If the shares were our own we should sell half, and if a further rise came, turn out the rest.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the Derby will be won by Perrier, and I like Llangwm for a place. The Oaks reads like a good thing for Rhodora, and the Coronation Cup may be won by The White Knight. For other events at Epsom, I like the following: Stewards' Handicap, Poor Boy; Epsom Town Plate, Master Hopson; Royal Stakes, Sophron; Durdans Handicap, Hayden; Great Surrey Foal Stakes, Briolet; Belmont Plate, Wrea Green; Acorn Stakes, Electra. At Kempton, I like these: Windsor Castle Handicap, Jack Snipe; Kingston Handicap, Fugleman; Kenton Plate, Milford Lad; Redfern Plate, Water Jacket. I think the Holiday Handicap at Hurst Park will be won by Snatch, and the Whitsuntide Plate by Olympus.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Thief on the Cross." By Mrs. Harold Gorst. (Eveleigh Nash.)—
"Before Adam." By Jack London. (Werner Laurie.)

LET it be said that "The Thief on the Cross" has to do with life, not that fictitious state of existence conjured forth by the average novelist; then let it be asked whether we desire nothing but life in a novel, whether we do not prefer the fictitious state of existence. The answer will depend upon the temperament and the mood, and so it may be asserted with the definiteness of Euclid that Mrs. Gorst's book will both please and displease. Frankly, there are things in it, matters of detail, that, to the supersensitive at least, will appear a little nauseating. There are moments when the language of the slums, the action of those who dwell in the slums, the wit of these same East Londoners bring a shudder—a shudder that is without a thrill—and suggest that the author has devoted too great attention to reproduction: on occasion, it is better to construct than to reproduce. Yet again it must be said that "The Thief on the Cross" is life as it is lived. Ede Ridgefoote, dragged up in Jews' Row, daughter of a besotted mother, only too eager to flaunt her beauty until she comes home "with her trouble in her arms," a "bad lot," immoral or unmoral, which you will, yet heroic in her endeavour to keep her sister from the path she herself has followed, in her fight to make the other members of her family respectable, in her efforts to save her mother and herself from hopeless degradation, is a character of whose truth there can be no question—no more question than there can be of the inevitability of her last "fall," the fall forced upon her by a great belief in the injustice of a world that does not always encourage the doing of right. Equally real are those with whom she is concerned and their environment. Pity 'tis, perhaps, that they are so real.

Before Adam delved and Eve span there was no such thing as a gentle man. The words are not those of Mr. Jack London, but he would agree with them, for those with whom he peoples the earth that was neither meek nor mild. In manner they were monkeyish, and in method. Their homes were in the trees, and they were more primitive than the primitive. Mr. London's hero speaks—

She was a large orang-utan, my mother, or like a chimpanzee, and yet, in sharp and definite ways, quite different. She was heavier of build than they, and

had less hair. Her arms were not so long, and her legs were stouter. . . . Soon I saw him approaching, my father—at least, by all the evidence of the times, I am driven to conclude that he was my father. He was not an extremely prepossessing father, as fathers go. He seemed half man and half ape, and yet not ape, and not yet man. I fail to describe him. There is nothing like him to-day on the earth, under the earth, nor in the earth. He was a large man in his day, and he must have weighed all of a hundred and thirty pounds. His face was broad and flat, and the eyebrows overhung the eyes. He had practically no nose at all. It was squat and broad, apparently without any bridge, while the nostrils were like two holes in the face, opening outward instead of down. . . . It represented strength, that body of my father's, strength sans beauty; ferocious, primordial strength, made to clutch, and gripe, and rend, and destroy.

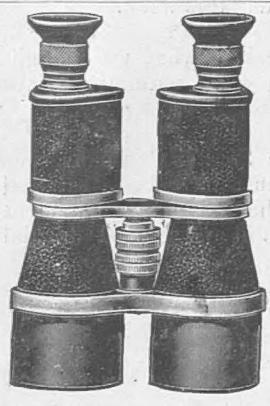
Of such parents was born Big Tooth, one who was a little higher than they, a step further on the road to the Garden of Eden, one who lived in a cave, but was still at home in the trees, who was bold enough to explore, who had the intelligence to carry water in a gourd, to paddle a log. And he lived the life of his day, the life of the human animal, the fighting animal. His chief enemy was Red-eye—

Red-eye was an atavism. He was the great discordant element in our horde. He was more primitive than any of us. He did not belong with us, yet we were still so primitive ourselves that we were incapable of a co-operative effort strong enough to kill him or cast him out. . . . He was really a reversion to the Tree People, rather than with us who were in the process of becoming men.

So the world before Adam, as Mr. Jack London sees it through the eyes of Big Tooth, Big Tooth reincarnate, a dreamer of dreams, who in sleep goes back to a nest in the branches, experiences with startling regularity racial memories. And this is the manner of the modern Big Tooth's reasoning—

For instance, there was the falling-through-space dream—the commonest dream experience, one practically known by first-hand experience to all men. This, my Professor told me, was a racial memory. It dated back to our remote ancestors who lived in trees. With them, being tree-dwellers, the liability of falling was an ever-present menace. Many lost their lives that way: all of them experienced terrible falls, saving themselves by clutching branches as they fell toward the ground. Now a terrible fall, averted in such fashion, was productive of shock. Such shock was productive of molecular changes in the cerebral cells. These molecular changes were transmitted to the cerebral cells of progeny, became, in short, racial memories.

There is a good deal that is interesting in "Before Adam," but it is not of Mr. London's best, and does not always succeed in riveting the attention.



Prices include Kew Certificates.

"THE NIGHT MARINE"

Prism Binocular for touring and racing purposes, for both day and night work. Large object glasses, Iris diaphragms, etc.

9 Diameters
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The highest power glass yet produced. It has large object glasses, and is suitable for all purposes. The Iris diaphragms with which it is fitted are a great aid in securing definition in all conditions of light; in fact, with this glass one can secure results which would be unobtainable with any others.

No. 12. Ditto,	12 Diameters Magnification,	£7 10s.
,, 16. Ditto,	16 Diameters Magnification,	£8 10s.
,, 20. Ditto,	20 Diameters Magnification,	£10 10s.
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The above glasses are supplied with central focussing motion at a cost of £1 extra, the addition of which is strongly advised.

MONOCULAR GLASSES (SINGLE TUBE) WITH KEW CERTIFICATES, HALF THE ABOVE PRICES.

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Every glass, after being manufactured in our own workshops in London, is sent to the National Physical Laboratory at Kew, the Laboratory of the British Government for testing scientific and optical instruments. The glasses are subjected to severe tests, and those that pass are engraved with the official Kew mark, a certificate being signed by Dr. R. T. Glazebrook, F.R.S., the Director, stating that the glasses possess the magnification indicated; measurement of field; angle of view; quality of definition and achromatism; parallelism of adjustment of the tubes in binoculars; and other important information. **The Kew Certificate is the best guarantee of excellence that it is possible to obtain.**

"THE STELLAR"

Magnification X 12, is of the same pattern as the X 12 Day Marine, but rather longer in body, giving greater illumination. This model was made first to the order of the Astronomer Royal for Greenwich Observatory, and though specified for night work is an admirable glass for all purposes, both day and night.

Price, with central focussing motion, and including Kew Certificate, £9 10s.

Henry Wright, Esq., Wellington, New Zealand, writes Dec. 26, 1907:

"The two X 25 (Aitchison) Day Marine Prism Binoculars reached me in perfect order, and I congratulate you on turning out such perfect articles. I had already the best pair of glasses procurable, but they bear no comparison to yours. I have been testing them to-day, and they seem absolutely faultless."

N. Le Rougetre, Esq., Zanzibar, East Africa, writes Feb. 2, 1908:

"I am very pleased with the X 16 (Aitchison) Marine Glasses, which came to hand safely last week. They give excellent results in the clear tropical atmosphere out here."

**Read Testimony
Below**

Thomas Cavan, Esq., M.A., F.R.A.S.,
Eaton Mascot Hall, Shrewsbury, writes
June 7, 1907:

"I have safely received the X 25 (Aitchison) Day Marine Binoculars, and I am greatly pleased with them."

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